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OCTOBER 21, 1969

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IS MRS. KING?
—WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Pope as Hamlet

JOHN H. KNOX

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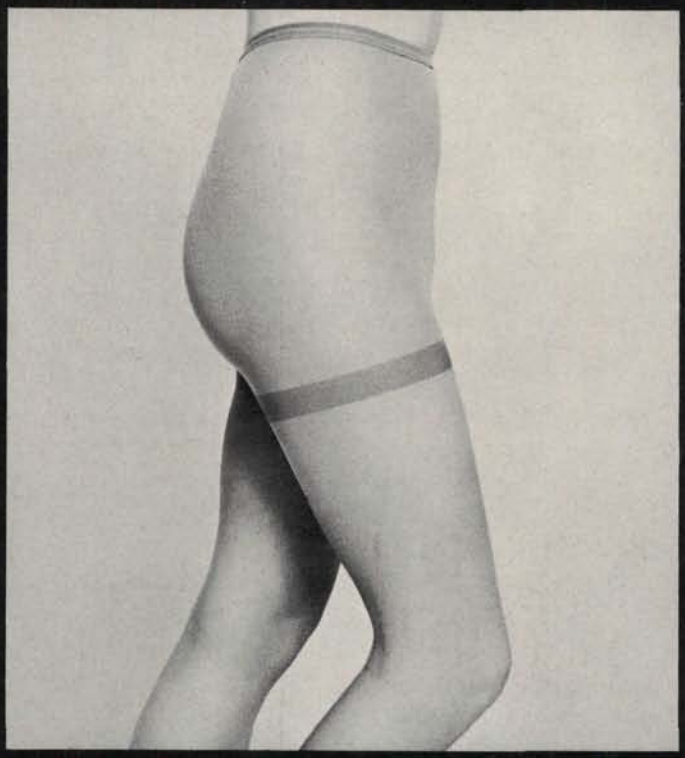

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He wasn't the first Ass we have elected President.

Just the first with four legs.

This is a story about a real Ass.

It may not surprise you to learn that he could talk, because you probably know some Asses who talk all the time. But our story is about the kind of Ass you find on the farm, with four legs not two, and you've never heard one of them talk before.

Come along to Farmer Jones' place and meet our hero. His name is Stubby, because his ears are so long that's how the rest of him looks.

Stubby learned that he could talk while he was still a colt. But he didn't say anything about it right away. First he wanted to see what people were like, and it didn't take him long to realize that the way we run our affairs is, well, positively huminine!

You see, Stubby could think as well as talk. He was a smart Ass. Naturally he resented the way people call other people Asses if they are stupid or thickheaded, so he decided to prove to everyone just how intelligent real Asses are.

(If he also succeeds in proving how asinine some people really are, there's nothing we can do about it. – *Ed.*)

One fine day Stubby told Farmer Jones he didn't want to pull carts for a living. Farmer Jones was startled, but he saw at once that Stubby could make him rich. Word got around fast, and folks came for miles – and paid Farmer Jones – for a chance to talk to a real Ass.

At first they came for the novelty of it. But soon they came for *advice*, because what Stubby said made sense. By heeding Stubby's suggestion to charge tolls, for instance, the State was able to fix up all the roads without collecting a penny of taxes, and everybody liked *that*.

Stubby soon had his own airplane (the Assteroid I) to get around to his speaking engagements, and a girl (whom he called his Assassistant) to turn the pages for him while he read.

In all this activity, Stubby was following a plan which he revealed to no one. It was all according to plan when he signed a contract to appear on several big television programs.

First there was *Beat the Press* (you know, the one where reporters ask the guest loaded questions to show how much smarter they are than he). Stubby handled the questions so well that, for all we know, the reporters felt like Asses. For instance, Stubby was challenged to solve the farm problem. His solution *worked*.

On the next show, *Faze the Nation*, the reporters were not so uppity. In fact, when Stubby explained how to do away with inflation, they were almost awed.

By now the papers were calling him Statesman instead of Stubby. The people were very pleased with all the taxes he was saving them. They started write-in campaigns for him in all the Presidential primaries, which he won.

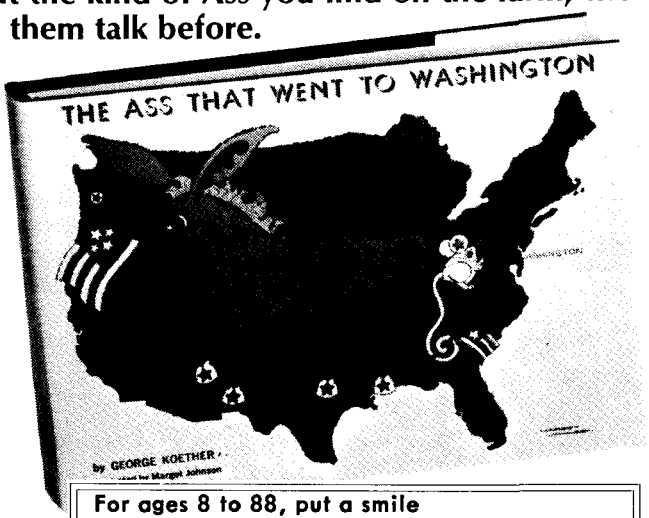
The Democrats asked him to head their ticket because, after all, the Ass was already the symbol of their party.

The Republicans asked him to head their ticket because, after all, Statesman was a smart Ass and wouldn't feel at home with the other kind in the other party.

Statesman accepted the nomination of both parties, but only on the understanding that they were accepting his ideas and not vice versa.

So it happened that for the first time, an Ass with four legs became President of the United States. A decided improvement, we think you'll find.

For instance, Statesman's Inaugural Address, far from echoing the windy rhetoric of the past ("Assk not what your country can do you you; Assk what you can do for your country."), consisted of only four sentences.



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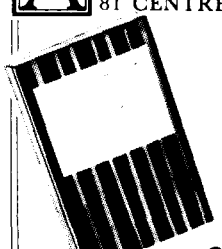

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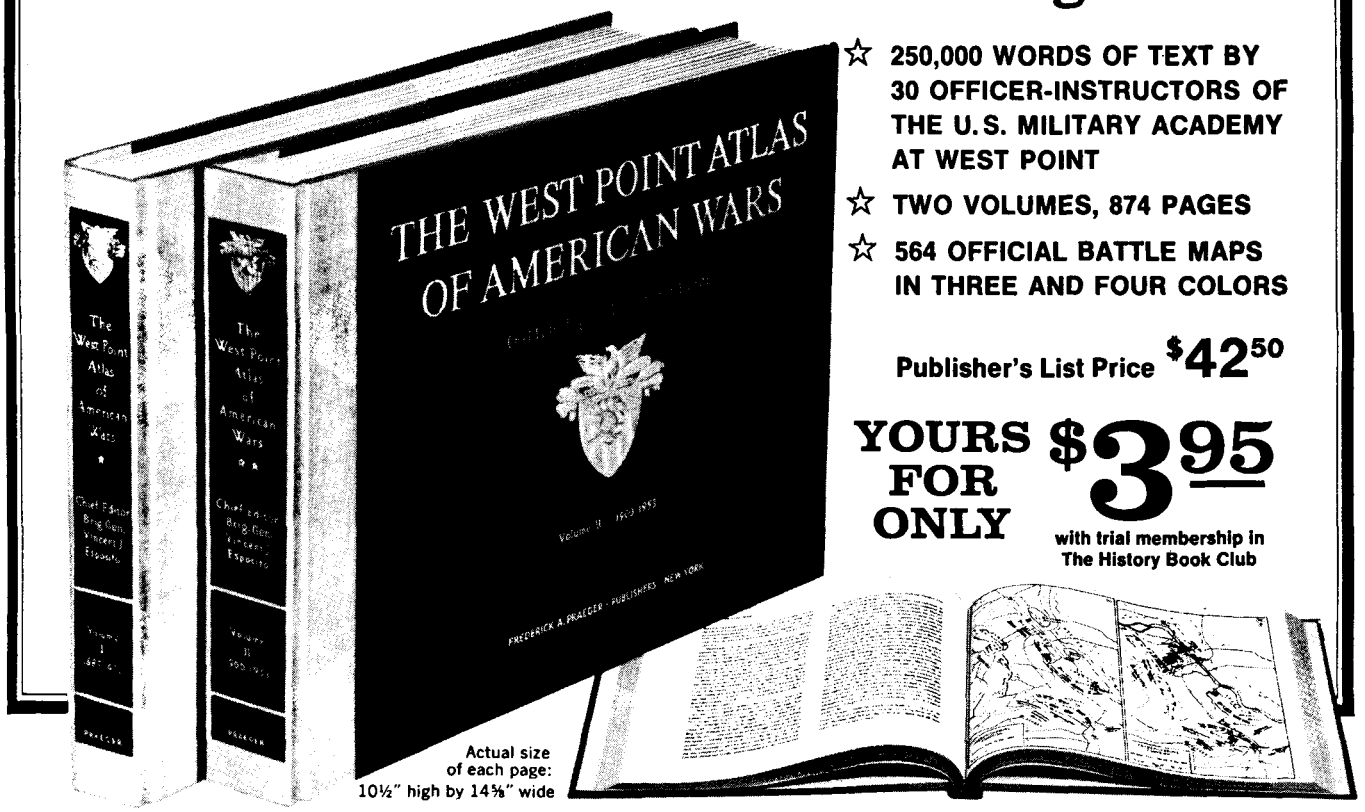

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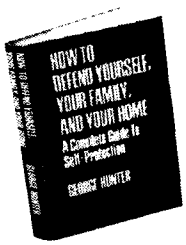

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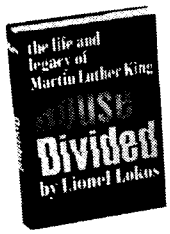

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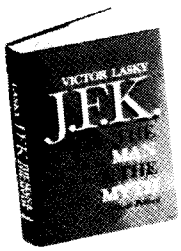

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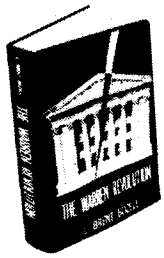

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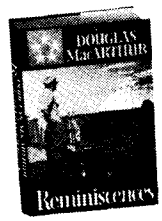

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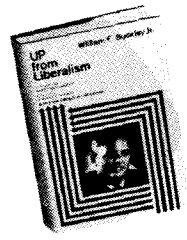

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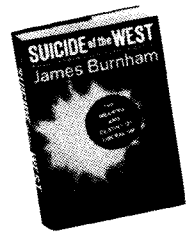

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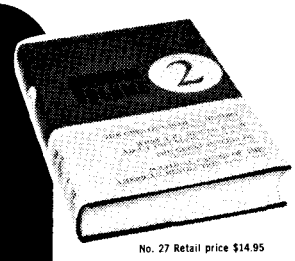

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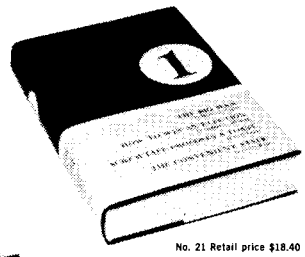

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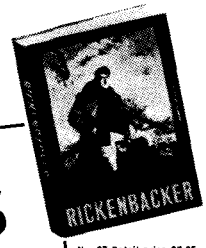

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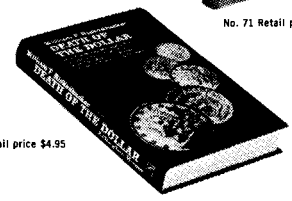

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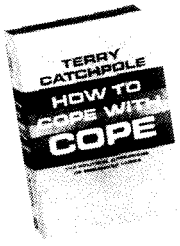

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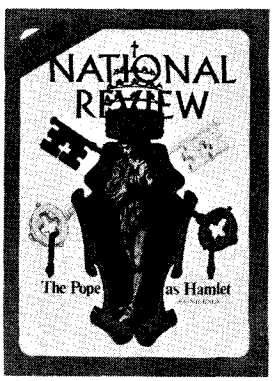
IN THIS ISSUE

■ The crisis in the Roman Catholic Church, Pope Paul has pointed out, is a crisis of faith and authority. Especially the latter, claims **John H. Knox** (no relation), who sees in the erosion of authority the central conflict of our age. . . . **William S. Schlamm**, long a senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, reports on the recent German elections. The whole concept of "Grand Coalitions" is an extremely dangerous one, says Mr. Schlamm, who then proceeds to put the Adolf von Thadden phenomenon into proper perspective. . . . **David L. Niddrie**, geographer at the University of Florida, visits Carmona in northern Angola and writes a cogent analysis of the disturbances there. The situation is worse than news stories lead us to believe, but Niddrie finds in the Portuguese view of history the qualities necessary to prevail in a long, dirty war. . . . **Auberon Waugh**, back home in England after a tour of the U.S., visits the Labor Party conference—routine red-flag waving in Edwardian Brighton, and . . . oh, yes, Harold Wilson.



■ **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** reminds us that East is still not West and that structured Western logic provides an inappropriate basis for peace talks with Hanoi. . . . **F. Reid Buckley** spends a summer in Old Castile where the Spanish past lives into the present, from which summer he has just come to this country for his annual speaking and debating tour. . . . And **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** pronounces the recent utterances of Mrs. Martin Luther King Jr. intemperate, the move to ban cigarette advertising ineffective, and Teddy Kennedy's latest speech incredible.

■ **John Sparrow,** Warden of New College, Oxford, celebrates his second appearance as an *NR* commentator by demolishing that old windbag from San Diego, Herbert Marcuse. But careful, warns Sparrow: He might be dangerous. . . . **Jacob Neusner**, Professor of Religious Studies at Brown and a renowned Old Testament scholar, reviews Edmund Wilson's exquisite account of the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls and the intellectual flap that ensued. The controversy, says Neusner, tells us more about our age than about biblical history. . . . **John C. Smith**, widely published free-lancer making his first *NR* appearance, takes on a book about athletics by a professor of philosophy at Yale which points out, believe it or not, that the chief value of competitive sport lies in the building of character. . . . **David Brudnoy** strikes again, this time wading through a batch of books by New Leftists, New Dealers, Old Leftists and Old Dealers. . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** listens to Brahms and Haydn and reflects on youth and age.

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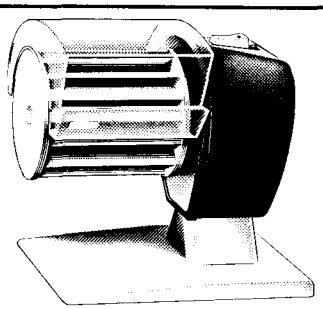

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Angela Davis**, Communist psychology instructor at UCLA fired by Regents because of admitted Party membership, still lectures on campus. "The first condition of freedom is violent resistance," she tells undergrads. . . . The Davis flap promises to be the biggest thing since **Cleaver** at Berkeley, a controversy leftist Professor **John Searle** is trying to reignite by leading a group of professors and students in a suit against the U.C. Regents for denying credit to Cleaver's now infamous course. All just in time for the moratorium.

■ Also making the California scene big: Municipal Court Judge **Earl Warren Jr.** convening his court in Sacramento's Pink Pussy Kat Tavern to allow jurors a long look at two topless-bottomless go-go girls charged with lewd and obscene conduct. Court room *à* go-go then moved to another girlie joint to pass judgment on **Carol Doda**, queen of the Bay-area topless dancers. . . . Credit S. F. columnist **Herb Caen**: At the Episcopal Convention at South Bend, Chaplain Massey Shepherd "offered a prayer for Ho Chi Minh—and THEN Pike."

■ In Calcutta, the Communist-controlled municipal council has renamed Harrigan Street (where the U.S. consulate is) **Ho Chi Minh** Street. . . . On the home front, **David Dellinger**, peacenik who takes trips to Hanoi whenever the State Department bails him out of jail, announces that he will take three hundred New Leftists to Cuba to help chop sugar cane. Poor Cubans. . . . New Orleans **SDS**ers are planning to dress as policemen and then commit "cruel or obscene acts in public" as part of the campaign to discredit the police. . . . **FBI** estimates that four thousand students were arrested in various demonstrations on college campuses during the past school year. . . . Meanwhile, on the Right, interesting new alliances among **YAF**ers, fraternities and student veteran groups are being formed on numerous campuses.

■ Rumor of the week is that the Democratic Presidential candidate in '72 will be—not **Teddy**, not **Muskie**, not **HHH**, but **LBJ**. Theory is that he'll look great by then by comparison. Silly, but **Grover Cleveland** did it. . . . Congressman **John J. Rooney**'s investigations turned up the fact that the Paris peace talks are costing U.S. $1,500 per day. . . . According to *Washington Post*, State Department wits (there really are some) now call **Melvin Laird** CINCMINC—Commander in Chief, Military-Industrial Complex. . . . Senator **Tom Dodd**, despite that censure, still setting records for Senate attendance and attention to important issues. . . . Newark Mayor **Hugh J. Addonizio** furious at **John Lindsay** for misleading TV campaign spot that misrepresents construction work on a Newark medical school as example of rubble created by race riots of the type JVL won't allow in New York.

Jon, *London Daily Mail* Ben Roth Agency

"Glory be, Mrs. Murphy, isn't it terrible what the Arabs and Israelis are up to?"

■ Interview with former Portuguese President **Salazar**, felled by a stroke last year, published in French paper *L'Aurore* in which he said he hoped to recover sufficiently to take command again, has not been reprinted in Portugal. . . . According to the British Institute for Strategic Studies, Portugal has a larger proportion (10 per cent) of its eligible males in the armed forces than any other country. . . . **John Biggs-Davison**, British MP, fresh from a trip to Portuguese Guinea, reports that the revolutionaries are armed with Russian weapons. . . . Rhodesian Minister of Mines **Ian Dillon** says 37 new mining companies have begun operations in Rhodesia during the past year. Largely ineffectual sanctions are now classified by Rhodesians as "normal trade plus 15 per cent." . . . In **South Africa** industrial production between 1960 and 1968 rose faster than in any other advanced country except Japan. And with a 17 per cent jump in Gross National Product during 1968, **Japan**'s economy moved into third place, behind United States and the Soviet Union and just ahead of West Germany.

■ In the village of Kings North, England the names of **Kitty Shotover**, **Justin Dunne** and Colonel **Rufus Shotover** appeared on the electoral rolls for 1968. They're all horses. Kitty's a retired cart horse, Justin a cob, the Colonel a hunter. Seems the owner put down their names when threatened by welfare-state bureaucrats with legal action if he failed to list all occupants of his country place. They all voted Labor. (Who would you vote for if you were a horse?)

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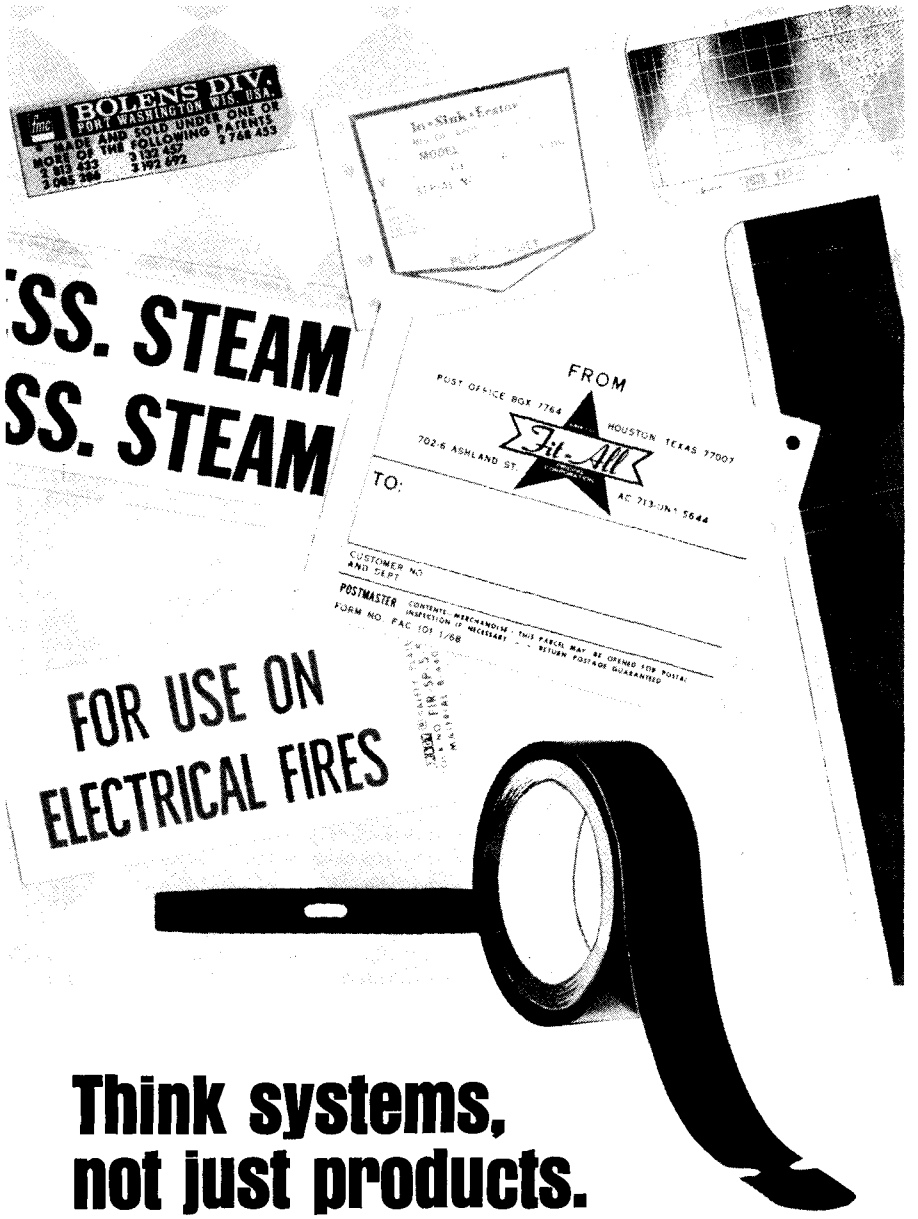

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LETTERS

Sex, Yes; Education, Maybe

Mr. van den Haag makes some very astute and valid observations about sex education [*NR*, Sept. 23]. I agree generally with most of what he says and I commend him for it. But he goes too far in his negativism. One can accept his broad generalizations only if one defines sex education quite narrowly.

As a physician who sees many patients with sexual and marital problems which are at least partly the result of ignorance, and who also spends considerable time lecturing high school seniors about the psychological, spiritual, social, interpersonal, etc. aspects and implications of sexuality and marriage as well as the technical, clinical and mechanical aspects —I say, as a physician, with such a background I feel quite sure that there are probably substantial exceptions to almost every statement Mr. van den Haag has made.

I think that there is no doubt that some small percentage of students (whose individual needs cannot, unfortunately, be determined beforehand) might benefit in some way from a better understanding of the broad implications of human sexuality, if the subject is properly presented. One must also concede that such education, as Dr. van den Haag implies, might also be worthless, or even harmful, to the majority. The big question is: Should such large amounts of time, energy and funds be expended in a universal, compulsory program for all students when "experts" disagree about "facts," methods and philosophical considerations, when the benefits (and that probably only for a minority) will be hard to document, and when the harmful effects are, at present, so unpredictable? Under the present circumstances, it's hard to be dogmatic either way.

Lynwood, Calif. JAMES H. FORD M.D.

St. Louis Blues

No, gentlemen, not all members of the YAF Libertarian Caucus were "happy" with the outcome of the national convention ["Meet Them in St. Louis," Sept. 23]. Indeed, many of us were shocked and saddened by certain incidents at the convention. Unfortunately, perhaps as many as two dozen chapters have already withdrawn from YAF.

The expulsion of the "anarchist" from Virginia was the most shocking event of the convention. The procedure used to remove him was most unusual: to my knowledge, at least two YAF leaders (one from California and one from New Jersey) tried to speak against the expul-

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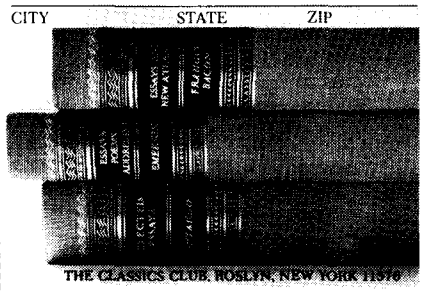

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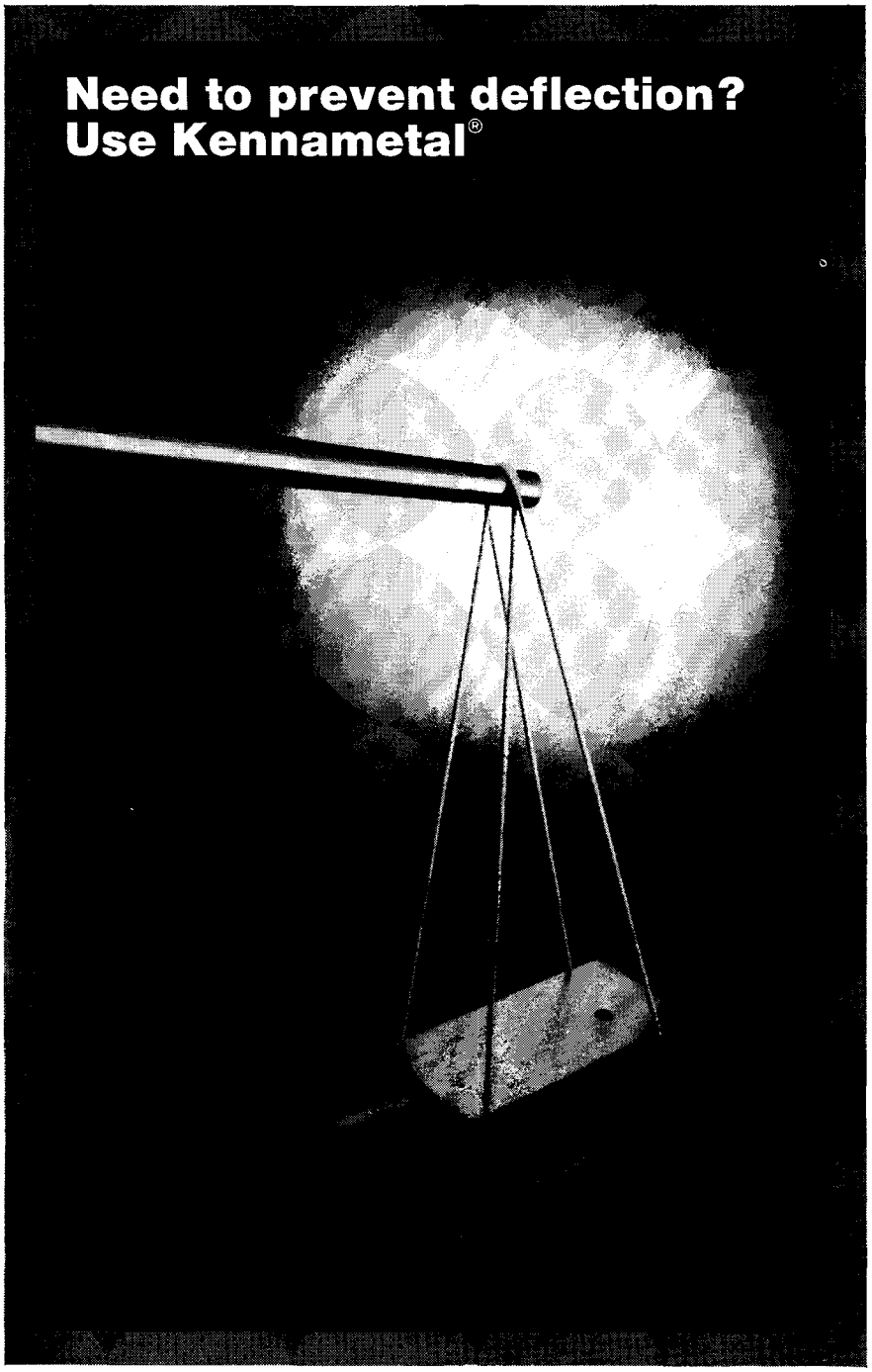

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sion, yet—perhaps due to the frenzied irrationality of the session—neither was allowed to speak. Many of us felt that the individuals who assaulted the "anarchist" should have also been expelled.

The mob which expelled the Virginian was content to rant "Sock it to the Left . . . Sock it to the Left . . ." and similar slogans for about fifteen minutes during the "debate" on the expulsion. This is not the calm, reasonable debate we had learned to expect among young rightists.

There are libertarians in YAF who still hope to maintain their activities in it. They were heartened by David Keene's fine anti-statist, pro-freedom inaugural address. There are others who have withdrawn from YAF, and many of us who are still waiting to see. . . .

Verona, N.J. RALPH FUCETOLA III

Your report on the YAF convention conveys a somewhat inaccurate picture of the proceedings in St. Louis, since it adopts the rhetoric which was used there, inaccurately, to describe ideological positions.

The "traditionalists" rarely described themselves as such and then did so reluctantly and apologetically. Most chose to evade the issue by saying that they were neither traditionalists nor libertarian and one candidate for office actually described himself, fatuously, as a "traditarian." The libertarians used the term "traditionalist" to mean something similar to Establishmentarian and talked about the "old men of YAF" (Dave Keene is 24). The libertarians seemed to have no conception of traditionalism as principled philosophy and, if one is to judge by the traditionalists at the convention, one would have to concede that they were right. The formation of a "Traditionalist Caucus" was left to two prep school boys.

Many, if not most, of the libertarians did not go away "happy" to have had "a chance to present its (the libertarian) position" because they happen to be the sort of rationalistic ideologues who consider anything short of total ideological victory unacceptable. It is true that many of the libs "believe in individual liberty apart from the Western tradition," a philosophical contradiction which only those of fragmented intellect, e.g. Karl Hess, can espouse. For that reason the ideological rout of the "traditionalists" before unrestrained, irreverent libertinism (as illustrated by jeers and obscenities during the pledge of allegiance or any mention of God) is deeply tragic.

Boone, N.C. STEVE HATHCOCK

The Rock Plot

One must assume, from Phillip Abbott Luce's silly piece on "The Great Rock Conspiracy" [*NR*, Sept. 23], that he considers it the height of absurdity to suspect the Communists of trying to condition the minds of our youth through music. Right? If so, 1) how does he (or *NR*) explain

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Last Chance

Memo to: all NR Readers

From: J.P. McFadden

Re: a most unusual book

There is a famous New York ad campaign (you see it in all subways) for Levy's Rye Bread that goes: "You don't have to be Jewish to like Levy's." I was reminded of it as I read "Spectrum of Catholic Attitudes." The book is a "sleeper" -- a little-publicized, hard-to-find book that really isn't just about religion, or just for Catholics. It has a kaleidoscopic range of arguments and ideas that is absolutely breathtaking. The contributors are impressive (Marshall McLuhan, Frank Sheed, Leslie Dewart, Walter Matt, Dale Francis, Daniel Callahan -- and Bill Buckley), and the number of subjects covered is incredible: God, the Trinity, the Bible, Original Sin, Heaven and Hell, Divorce and Remarriage, Anti-Semitism, Sex, Conscience, Celibacy, Contraception, Integration, Communism, Vietnam -- not to mention the fascinating "What I would do if I were Pope" section.

I could go on and on about this eye-opening book, but here's the point: if you are at all interested in this kind of thing, don't miss this opportunity to get your copy of "Spectrum of Catholic Attitudes" free and postpaid (all you have to do is use the handy card facing this page to subscribe or renew now -- all the details are on the card -- just fill it out and mail it back to us).

I realize that such a book is not for everybody. But I can assure you that, if it is for you, you're in for a genuine treat. I can't remember when I last read such a wide-ranging, hard-hitting debate on so many vital and sensitive issues. There are clever arguments and some very poor ones too; good and bad logic; some moving and passionate pleas as well as some silly sophistry -- you'll probably feel like cheering some of the authors, while at the same time wondering how some of the others can be so wrong-headed. But you certainly won't be bored, and I'll bet that when you put this book down, you'll know -- and understand -- more about the current religious revolution that you thought possible from one book.

Finally, a personal note. I guess I've read everything that Bill Buckley has ever published. I don't know when he has been sharper -- or more effective -- than he is in this book. His "explanation" of Original Sin is the funniest thing I've read in ages (and Lord knows the Great Debate in religion needs some humor!). His handling of Satan is devilish, and ... well, I just hope you enjoy it as much as I did!

J.P.M.

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Woody Guthrie? 2) Is Pete Seeger just an innocent balladeer? 3) How come so many Communist-types are found at all the rock festivals?

Coulee Dam, Wash. HAROLD E. FOSS

1) As fully as possible; 2) No—guilty balladeer; 3) Looking for right-wingers. —ED.

As an adolescent rock enthusiast and an *NR* subscriber, I am delighted by Phillip Abbott Luce's "The Great Rock Conspiracy," [*NR*, Sept. 23] and simultaneously dismayed by Mr. Allen's apparent ignorance of America's youth. Indeed, one can only be amused at Mr. Allen's implication that rock music is related to the Communist Conspiracy (*à la* the Red Piper, I suppose). Besides, the facts disprove it. As *NR* reported in an earlier issue, 500,000 young people were willing to go to Woodstock to hear music, and only a fraction of that number showed up for the Democratic National Convention, which perturbed far-left strategists. I suggest that, as an educational service, *NR* send Mr. Allen a volume of the "hip" artists, from Bob Dylan to Tony Dolan, to expand *his* cultural horizon. Thank you for demonstrating that although *NR* may not necessarily subscribe to today's music, it is intelligent and fair-minded enough to listen without that "Conspiracy" bit.

Philadelphia, Pa. RICHARD ACELLO

Thieving Governments

Your editorial statement [Sept. 9] that "we may deplore it but we cannot challenge the right of a sovereign state to expropriate property within its political jurisdiction against payment of adequate compensation" is ethically self-contradictory. For a would-be owner to transfer to himself (and on his own terms) the property of an owner who has acquired it honestly is theft. What is morally essential is the consent of the rightful owner, not the governmental nature of the expropriator. Compensation does not affect the ethical quality of the expropriation—restitution of stolen property, whether in whole or in part, cannot justify the original theft.

The Zambian government offers book value as restitution. However, Roan Selection Trust was traded about 50 per cent higher than book value at the time of the theft. Furthermore, anyone who wanted to acquire 51 per cent of its outstanding stock, without stealing it, would have had to bid the price up substantially above the market. This is not peculiar to the Roan Selection Trust—it is generally the case with listed stocks. When demand rises, price rises.

Obviously, the "restitution" in this case is ridiculously inadequate, especially because no payment will be made immediately, thereby robbing former stockholders of the interest, dividends, or capital gains which they could obtain by reinvesting their funds. Zambia will make "restitu-

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tion," if at all, from dividends on the stock, which the victimized shareholders should have received as a matter of right in the first place, thereby making "restitution" for picking the right pocket by picking the left.

Moreover, since the Zambian government would own 51 per cent of the stock, it could block the declaration and payment of any dividends. It could also prevent other stockholders from repatriating their payments.

You cannot justify these expropriations by saying in euphemistic circumlocutions that local officials are trying to retain their jobs. Surely the self-interest of thieving government officials cannot be the ultimate principle by which government policies are vindicated.

Gary, Ind. DENNIS D. MURPHY

Him Too

Your "Rev. Roderick Random" editorial [Sept. 23] is the first *NR* eulogy I have read that did not bear the caption RIP. It would appear that you wish to continue James Pike's torment into the afterlife. He did much good and effective work in his earlier clerical years. The fact that he later became heretical is unfortunate; the real root meaning of heretical is to be unbalanced. The fact that he was never officially designated unbalanced is beside the point.

Dix Hills, N.Y. R. A. WALTER

NR's comment was not a eulogy (Greek eu-, *good* + logos, *word). Lest there be any misunderstanding, we wish for Bishop Pike the rest and peace that were denied him in life.* —ED.

Have Horse, Will Whip

This letter will announce the formation of the National Committee to Horsewhip Richard Corliss ["Film Chronicle," Sept. 23]. The Unbeautiful People, the movie-going Americans who have made John Wayne the most successful film star in motion picture history, do not give a healthy damn about what Rex Reed or his colleagues think of *True Grit*. Certainly the movie contains self-parody and cornball humor, and if the liberal critics choose to seize upon this, thereby insuring the Duke a long-deserved Oscar, then so be it.

However, the essential Wayne character is actually enhanced and spotlighted by his entertaining portrayal of Marshal Cogburn—trading jibes with the bleeding-heart defense lawyer, drunkenly expounding his theories on "rat-catching," ever dealing swiftly and ruthlessly with any badmen who are unfortunate enough to get within rifle-shot—and that final, magnificent showdown with Lucky Ned Pepper and his gang.

America, in her present groveling impotency, cries out for a strong dose of Cogburnism.

Philpot, Ky. PATRICK S. MORRISON

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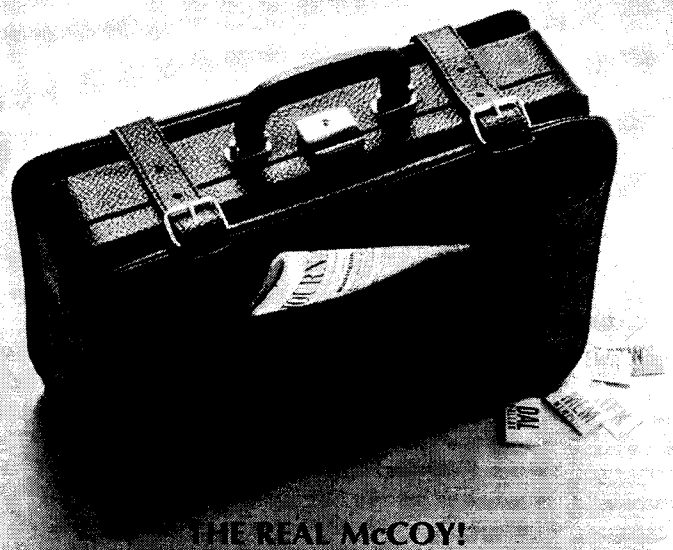

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THE WEEK

■ See Charles? He is a Senator. Charles says he wants to save American lives. So Charles wants Richard to promise that Americans will pull out soon and to stop the bombing. No, Richard doesn't want to bomb Americans, he wants to bomb the bad people. Why does Charles want to be nice to the bad people if the bad people are killing Americans and Charles doesn't want Americans to be killed? Because Charles is confused. Where is Charles? Charles grows in New York and Illinois.

■ He found them, Jack Evans did, "buried in the United States heartland." Evans, a reporter for the *Sudbury* (Ontario) *Star,* went to Kalamazoo, Mich. "The people I talked with [he writes] were not fed up with the war to the point of getting out at all costs. They defend their right to be proud of their sons and of themselves. The point is, Americans like this really do exist. But these days, in a cacophony of pressure groups and demonstrations, they are seldom heard. . . . They form the quiet backbone of any nation that aspires to greatness. They carry the bulk of a nation's burden in war and peace—concerned only with doing the job at hand and doing it well. . . . Before the eyes of the world the United States pledged itself to do a job in Vietnam. It was a job undertaken with no ulterior motives. That job must be completed with peace as the final goal, as these average Americans see it."

■ Those Special Drawing Rights (SDRs), the so-called "paper gold," were entered into the international ledgers last week. David Kennedy, the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury, called them a "significant turning point in the monetary system," and he was half right. SDRs are enormously significant, but they fall directly in the line of monetary development over the last five hundred years. Paper gold (*NR*, Aug. 12) continues "the process of transforming money from a set of material objects into a pure abstraction. Gold—real, honest-to-goodness gold—had been a last thin link of money to matter . . . and now the SDRs move close to the final act of cutting international as well as domestic money altogether loose from the last remaining physical base." The International Monetary Fund says SDRs are necessary to provide the liquidity needed for expanding global trade. But they may also bring on unprecedented inflation. To be sure, money's first function is as a medium of exchange, but it can do that job only if it serves also as a standard of value. You don't have to be a South African miner, watching the bottom drop out of the gold market, to be concerned.

■ It begins to dawn. Theodore White on riots: "The American riots of the 1960s baffled political historians for lack of a clearly defined purpose. More parochially, American political scientists and historians found difficulty in framing the perspectives of the new American forms of mass violence because of the set of American history. For generations, violence had threatened America most from the native American Right—the menace was always perceived on the lunatic fringe of reaction where Ku Klux Klan, American Nazis and Minutemen muttered, rumbled and mobilized as phantom marauders. But when the real marauders, in the 1960s, took to the streets, they came not from the 'right' but from the 'left' in the most liberal American Administration in history, while the thinkers were looking the other way."

■ *Publishers Weekly*, journal of the book trade, is just furious with President Nixon because he wants to spend money on "military weapons which menace the security of mankind" instead of on food for the hungry, slum clearance, education and, oh yes, libraries. "Mr. Nixon many times has expressed his fear of urban disorder," says *PW*. "But if urban disorder is the only way to get the nation to redress its priorities, let urban disorder continue." Hell, everybody knows there aren't any bookstores in the ghettos.

■ It is important to recognize that in the revolutionary confrontation now developing in America organized labor has shown itself to be a powerful force on the anti-revolutionary side. The McCarthyite Democrats got nowhere with organized labor; the militants further to the left find the gap unbridgeable. Hence the almost total reliance of the new radicalism upon the discontents of students and Negroes. In this context, it is significant that Actors' Equity, an 11,700 member affiliate of AFL-CIO, is deeply concerned about the affront to dignity and decency emanating from the Theater of the Obscene, and has moved to protect its members against exploitation. In a recent letter to the membership, Executive Secretary Angus Duncan wrote that it is the union's duty to

Running with Lindsay

They heckle him in Brooklyn;
  They're rude to him in Queens.
In right-wing Staten Island
  He's reconciled to scenes.
The garbage men are surly;
  The teachers tend to sneer.
The talk among policemen
  You wouldn't want to hear.
He's definitely doveish;
  He's *dying* to bug out.
He's photographed with Golda . . .
  It's gonna be a rout.

W. H. VON DREELE

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see that no performer is coerced or cajoled into nude or sexual performances. "The exploitation of the performer is clearly demonstrable," he said. "When a performer is required to disrobe as the sole prerequisite for a job then both his dignity and his artistic integrity are under attack."

■ The purge of anti-Soviet elements is on. The general secretary of the Party sounded the warning last summer: "During the Czechoslovak crisis, some of our leadership showed total disregard of Party discipline. A small number of comrades have developed factional methods of fighting against adopted Party policies. . . . We must demand an end to all such methods." He then went to Moscow, presumably to clear everything at the top. Gus Hall is back now, and already Dorothy Healey ("The Red Queen of the West"), district chairman of Southern California and a Party member 37 years, and New York state chairman Gilbert Green have been dropped from the leadership. Said to be next on the list is Paul Novick, editor of the Yiddish *Morning Freiheit*, who has criticized antisemitism in the Soviet Union.

■ The generals' coup in Bolivia got rave notices everywhere because right off the bat these guys said they were a "revolutionary government" defending "the rights of the peasants." And then their first official acts were a) the repeal of a law that had protected an American-owned oil company and b) an invitation to Fidel Castro to talk over diplomatic relations. Universal huzzahs. And then since that first day, suddenly—silence! General, and now President Alfredo Ovando, is revealed as the man who headed the tracking down of Che Guevara.

■ Okay, it's game time. Match each of the following thumbnail sketches with the American newspaper to which it applies. Ready? Go!

1. *St. Louis Post Dispatch*; 2. *Wall Street Journal*; 3. *New York Post*; 4. *Daily World*; 5. *Chicago Tribune*; 6. *New York Daily News*; 7. *New York Times*.

——"Of philistine character; pursues the policy of conservative circles of monopolistic bourgeoisie of the Middle West."
——"A philistine newspaper. Reflects the attitudes of extreme reactionary circles."
——"Reputedly independent. In fact supports the policy of the Democratic Party."
——"Organ of business circles. Adheres to rightist views."
——"Carries on a persistent struggle for the protection of the rights of American workers."
——"Sometimes advances criticism of particular aspects of government policy."
——"Influential newspaper, closely tied to big monopolistic capital."

The characterizations are from an article in *Zhurnalist*, organ of the Soviet Union of Journalists. Answers: 5, 6, 3, 2, 4, 1, 7.

■ In reporting a couple of recent speeches by Leonid Brezhnev, the *Times* somehow left out Brezhnev's admission that the Communists are active in the U.S. "youth" movement. According to Brezhnev: "It is natural that fraternal parties now pay great attention to their work among youth. . . . The younger generation . . . in capitalist countries is in a state of revolutionary ferment [and] actively struggles against imperialist wars [and] the attempts of the bourgeoisie to retrench the democratic rights of the working people." And in another speech: "Communists highly value the enthusiasm of the young people's movement and actively participate in it. They disseminate in its ranks the ideas of scientific socialism, make clear the various dangers of pseudorevolutionary ideas which may exert influence upon youth and strive to help them find a right path in the struggle against imperialism. . . ."

■ Poor Anatoly Kuznetsov! He fled the Soviet Union only to run smack into the looming liberal *apparat*. William Styron implied he was a coward who should have stayed in Russia and fought back. And the *New York Times*, evidently believing that her thirty-year flirtation with Communism qualified her for the job, invited Lillian Hellman to comment. Her offering (complete with ritual reference to "the time of Joe McCarthy") accused him of "betraying innocent friends" to the KGB in order to get an exit visa, and of protesting "only when he was in the soft welcoming arms of Britain." Kuznetsov fought back,

Yardley Jones, *Toronto Telegram* Ben Roth Agency

"My dad's got a Nobel Prize, a PhD and twenty years in jail."

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suggesting that Styron take Andrei Sinyavsky's place in a concentration camp and carry on the fight there, and reminding Miss Hellman that the (obviously fabricated) "betrayal" was the only way out: "I was ready for everything except to go on living in that nightmare world right to old age and death." These and other attacks on him, he said, are "prompted by some surviving illusions about Russia." "The Soviet Union is a fascist country. What is more, its fascism is much more dangerous than Hitler's. It is a country which is living in Orwellian times, but long before 1984." Dialogue? Liberalization? "Tens of millions of bloody victims, a culture destroyed, fascism, antisemitism, the genocide of small nations, the transformation of the individual into a hypocritical cipher, Hungary, Czechoslovakia. In literature—nothing but murder, suicides, persecution, trials, lunatic asylums, an unbroken series of tragedies from Gumilev to Solzhenitsyn. Is that really not enough?"

■ Pope Paul VI has reaffirmed the authority and security of Papal teaching and discipline, while recognizing the "exigencies of theological study" and respecting the freedom of expression of theological science. The statement (which is taken from his address to the newly formed Vatican Theological Commission) lacks, in English, the balance of the Latin from which it so obviously comes. Additional de-Latinization unfortunately reveals that it lacks other things as well, that what he is saying comes down to "we are right, but you can say what you want to"—an attitude which, while consonant with Paul's general approach (see "The Pope as Hamlet," p. 1058), seems a little strange for a man claiming to be God's viceregent. Either the Pope is right by virtue of his position when speaking on faith and morals, or he is not. If he is, why should he explicitly recognize "the exigencies of theological study" or respect "the freedom of expression of theological science"? If he is not—but let us not go into that here. It is in any case possible to see in the Papal tergiversations an epitome of that modern liberalism which, in reaction to the inquisitorial spirit that made men die for what they believed to be true, now dilutes the belief so that no truth seems worth dying for.

■ Transcript of a top-secret telephone conversation between Harold Macmillan, on a visit to the United States in 1955 as British Foreign Secretary, and Dwight Eisenhower, President (from the new volume of Macmillan's autobiography, *Tides of Fortune 1945-55*):

I. Hallo, Harold, how are you?
M. I'm fine.
I. I'm fine too. It's fine to hear your voice.
M. How are you getting on?
I. I'm getting on fine.
M. I'm going to try to see you today after my [TV] show. There will be an interval.
I. That's fine.
M. How are you getting on with Foster?
I. I'm getting on fine.
M. Foster's a bit sticky at first, but he has a heart of gold when you know him. . . . I only just wanted to hear your voice again. I couldn't leave America without that.
I. That's right. That's what I told Foster. I didn't want to see you as British secretary. I wanted to see you as my political adviser.
M. That's fine.
I. How's Anthony?
M. He's fine.
I. That's fine.

■ *Rumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tumpa, boomlay-boom—*
Wave the flag, folks, stave off doom!

A merry band of experts went before the House Subcommittee on Conservation and Natural Resources last week, and told sad stories of the population explosion. But everybody brightened up when Chairman Henry Reuss (D., Wis.) came up with a perfectly sensible solution . . .

Cows have calves and horses, foals;
But folks have patriotic goals!

. . . to wit: "The American people at a minimum should be told now by the President that the present population goal ought not to be exceeded. . . . As a patriotic goal American families ought to restrict themselves to two children per family."

So Hail the old Red, White and Blue,
Uncle Sam says, "I want TWO!"

■ Thirteen is a lucky number and conservatives can take heart from two Midwestern primary victories on October 7. In the Illinois thirteenth congressional district (North Shore suburbs), which has sent Republicans to Congress *nemo meminisse contradicente,* Philip Crane, whose conservative credentials are absolutely and shatteringly clear, won the Republican primary over six moderate-to-liberal candidates (leading his nearest competitor by two thousand votes), to run for the vacancy occasioned by OEO Director Donald Rumfeld's resignation. In the Wisconsin thirteenth state senatorial district primary, occasioned by the death of Republican State Sen. Frank Panzer, YAF National Chairman David A. Keene won the Republican nomination, gaining 30 per cent of the Republican vote in a field of six. Both victories are remarkable: Crane's because the campaign had developed, in some parts of the district, into a frantic stop-Crane movement; Keene's because the incumbent died at the time of the YAF National Convention over Labor Day weekend, and an entire campaign had to be built from scratch in a month's time. No matter what happens in New York City, at least two conservatives should be elected on November 4. Tomorrow, the East!

■ "Rule or Ruin Politics": When the Conservative Party of New York runs candidates against the Republicans. As opposed to "Statesmanship": When the Liberal Party of New York runs candidates against the Republicans. Definitions supplied by Sen. Javits (R.-L., N.Y.).

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■ With trembling pseudopods, Mark Rudd tore the earth girl's spacesuit.

Let the Fight Begin

The vultures have begun to wheel in the sky above the spot where, it is thought, the political corpse of Richard Nixon soon will be deposited. The October 15 moratorium, so we are told, will crystallize the widespread frustration over the war, and Mr. Nixon, who has revealed unaccountable stubborness, will find himself a second LBJ.

All this is, to say the least, premature, for the organizers of the present protest—perhaps bemused by past glories—have forgotten certain key differences between the situations of LBJ and Mr. Nixon:

1) LBJ's political base, the Democratic Party, was fundamentally liberal and therefore acutely vulnerable to the movement against the war. Despite Javits, Goodell, Hatfield and a few others, President Nixon's power flows from a very different constituency.

2) At the time the movement against LBJ demonstrated its strength, we were bombing the North, and negotiations had not started. Much of the strength of the "peace movement" at that time came from those who wanted a negotiated settlement, not a surrender. Their unifying slogans were "Stop the Bombing" and "Negotiate Now." All this has changed. The October 15 movement demands a U.S. defeat, and therefore is unlikely to gain enough support to give it anything like the political muscle of the pre-Paris movement.

3) The dump LBJ movement was mobilized with a Presidential election imminent. President Nixon is at the beginning of his term of office and has more than three and a half years to maneuver.

4) LBJ appeared to promise only more of the same. The Nixon Administration's policy of phased withdrawal and Vietnamization has inherent credibility and has only just begun to operate.

Nevertheless, the months ahead are bound to be turbulent ones, and if President Nixon is to prevail he should accept the elegant invitation proffered by Democratic National Chairman Fred Harris and "take the gloves off." The Left, with considerable "respectable" support in Congress and elsewhere, has taken the initiative: it is telling the nation that it will settle for nothing less than a Communist takeover in the South—and the sooner the better. The President has the opportunity now to spell out the likely consequences of this, and ask the nation whether it wishes: the prospect of domestic recrimination over an American defeat which would be much more serious than a division over the war itself; the slaughter of those who fought the Communists with us; drastic realignment in Asia and elsewhere as Communist power is aggrandized; and a vastly enhanced likelihood of a major war.

The Left has given President Nixon the opportunity not only for a political fight, but also for a stunning political victory, which would be also a victory for the free world.

The Haynsworth Flap

The fight to stop Haynsworth is what in other days, against other targets, would have been denounced as McCarthyism. Choice in this respect is the so-called "link" between Haynsworth and Bobby Baker: said link being that the two, not knowing each other, along with a lot of other people, invested in a South Carolina real estate venture. That does guilt by association one better, inasmuch as it comes very close to being guilt by non-association. The vending machine business and the Brunswick investment are on a par with contending that no judge who smokes cigarettes should qualify, inasmuch as tobacco interests might (surely will) figure in future litigation.

Although most of those who have argued against Judge

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'Cut and Look,' Not 'Cut and Run'

Some weeks ago, a fact finding mission was sent to Southeast Asia by the Citizens Committee for Peace with Freedom in Vietnam, a group founded in 1967 by Dwight Eisenhower, Harry Truman and Paul H. Douglas. We reprint here the bulk of the mission's report.

1. Since Tet, the enemy in Vietnam has become much weaker, our side much stronger.

2. Progress is striking but precarious. The South Vietnamese Army found its soul at Tet and in the mass graves of Hue. Since Tet it has won victories, expanded its ground, taken over the defense of provinces and an entire corps area, and inflicted far greater casualties on the enemy than he has upon them. Peasants are returning to the fields, rice production is up, increasing numbers of local elections are being held, the number of defections to our side is increasing. . . .

3. Yet the enemy retains a kind of initiative through use of his sanctuaries in Laos and Cambodia and north of the DMZ. . . . If American and Vietnamese commanders are not able or are not allowed to deny him access to certain corridors, our casualty rolls could go still higher. Our commanders know this and we were tremendously impressed with their concern to spare American lives.

4. The South Vietnamese must still rely for some time to come upon United States troop lift, air support, staff assistance and reserves.

5. In this situation timing is crucial, particularly with respect to the substitution of Vietnamese troops for Americans. *The policy of reciprocal deescalation is feasible, provided the withdrawal of U.S. forces is closely geared to demonstrated improvement in South Vietnamese capabilities and is not forced prematurely by war-weary American public opinion.*

6. To our surprise we found the Vietnamese eager—perhaps overly eager for the transfer. . . .

7. President Nixon has made three stipulations for U.S. force reduction of which we consider South Vietnamese progress the cardinal one. As to the other two—reduction in the enemy's military activity and progress at Paris—the so-called "lull" in the fighting collapsed while we were in Vietnam. We do not believe such "lulls" mean that the enemy is trying to tell us anything, only that he has had to fall back and regroup.

8. As to the Paris peace talks, they have not failed but they have shown no progress of the kind the President stipulates. They have, however, served to demonstrate that the enemy is unwilling to face the challenge of free elections, wants the United States to throw the Thieu government out, then wants the United States itself to get out unconditionally after having installed a coalition government for the future convenience of Hanoi. There has seldom been a clearer case of a belligerent's trying to recoup at the conference table what he is losing on the battlefield.

9. As a result of all this, a kind of protracted "stand-off" seems to be looming in Vietnam. If the President, the American and South Vietnamese people stick by Mr. Nixon's three criteria and if the South Vietnamese succeed in cementing a political consensus, there is a better than even chance that the stand-off will be resolved in favor of peace and with freedom. If we pull out prematurely the enemy can reverse the tide running against him, complete his subjugation not only of Vietnam but of adjoining territory and we will have lost more than 38,000 American lives in vain.

10. In Laos and Thailand we became more aware of the possible effect of a premature American withdrawal on other countries in Asia. In Laos we noted that the North Vietnamese invaders' unprecedented success during the rainy season had coincided with the so-called "lull" in Vietnam. . . .

Recommendations

1. That the substitution of Vietnamese for United States troops take place on the basis of demonstrated improvement in South Vietnamese capabilities; the American policy should be: "cut and look" not "cut and run."

2. That no time table be proclaimed and that any schedule for planning purposes be flexible.

3. That President Nixon and General Abrams set up an extraordinary commission to assess ARVN progress; and that this commission inquire into whether "Vietnamization" can in fact involve a more rapid rate of modernization and activation than was laid down in schedules before "Vietnamization" became a byword publicly linked with U.S. force reductions.

4. That American editors and correspondents and USIA give more coverage to ARVN sacrifices and progress.

5. That the United States continue to urge the Vietnamese government to broaden its base. . . .

6. That the United States recognize the political benefit which can accrue from the proposed new land reform program and give appropriate assistance.

7. That the United States and South Vietnam stand firm at Paris for free elections, against a coalition prior to elections, and against unilateral withdrawals (despite the fact that we already seem to have begun them).

8. That the United States, consistent with the accords of 1962, try to expedite the equipment of Laotian forces; and that our stand for reciprocal withdrawal of forces apply to Laos as well as to Vietnam.

9. That the United States give what explanations and assurances it can to its Asian allies about the purposes and implications of U.S. force reductions.

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Haynsworth have taken the cowardly road of expressing anguish at economic transactions which on the horror-scale could not begin to balance a typical public speech by a typical critic of Judge Haynsworth attempting to attract not the buying public but the voting public, some of his critics are refreshingly direct: they don't like Haynsworth because he is a Southerner, because Nixon appointed him, and because he is not *au courant* on the revolution. Thus, e.g. Meany, Humphrey and Pete Hamill. They emerge, sad to say, as the truly honest critics of Haynsworth, who is uninstructed in the new jurisprudence, which requires modish political conformity, rather than an understanding of the law.

Countdown to November

As election day approaches, the New York mayoral race becomes increasingly blurry, marked by apparently continual shifts in traditional loyalties and the fracturing of heretofore predictable patterns of ethnic bloc support. Governor Rockefeller recently said: "I've never seen such a confused situation." And the polls reflect this confusion, each successive pollster veering widely from the samples of his predecessor.

John Lindsay has his support among two sets of unlikely allies, the wealthy silk-stocking types who inhabit Manhattan's affluent East Side and the blacks who populate the slums. Much of the Jewish community is hostile, however, still distrusting Lindsay for his role in the post-school strike tensions, and Lindsay must have a sizable chunk of their votes to win. Until recently his wooing of the Jews had been passive, consisting mainly of such things as blintz-eating and making goo-goo eyes at Golda Meir. But the campaign is picking up, and Lindsay seems less sluggish now. He has established what amounts to a Department of Jewish Affairs, headed by Dr. Marvin Schick of Lehman College, and featuring such big ethnic guns as Jacob Javits, who has already fired his first intemperate broadside, a smear which produced the first hint of campaign wrath from Republican John Marchi. Javits, said Marchi, "is a pompous, posturing ass."

The Jewish vote is an important one in New York City, where the old politics still is definitive. Jews gave Lindsay impressive support in '65, despite the candidacy of Abe Beame, himself Jewish, and despite Lindsay's apparent Republican affiliation. But this year they have no Democratic alternative as attractive as Abe Beame. Mario Procaccino, whose campaign pitches toward the recently rediscovered working and lower-middle-class white, is anathema to Jews and to white collar liberal types in general, who suspect the people Mario is courting of bigotry. Procaccino himself is no bigot, of course, but liberals like to scare themselves by misemphasizing and misinterpreting his rhetoric. Which leaves, unless John Lindsay manages a spectacular comeback, John Marchi.

Marchi is a conservative Republican. He is also quiet, restrained, quite obviously the candidate with the most taste and brain power. He chides Lindsay and Procaccino for their wild charges and smears, and only when offended by something like a Javits does he lose his temper. And people are responding to his campaign. The most unlikely people. Pete Hamill, for instance, ultra-liberal columnist for the ultra-liberal *New York Post*, says: "It is rapidly becoming clear that the most intelligent and impressive campaign being run in this town is the quiet campaign of John Marchi." Hamill goes on to call Marchi "the only class in the room." And even the *New York Times*, which at the beginning of the campaign buried Marchi items on page 50, has begun to treat him with wary but genuine respect.

Procaccino must at this writing remain the betting favorite. But Marchi is coming on strong, and those liberal voters who tend to vote one party through reflex may realize by November that he does represent an attractive alternative to Lindsay and Procaccino. The question now is whether the traditional loyalties of the old politics can give way to good sense before November 4th.

Abusing Drugs

President Nixon is trying hard to honor his obligation to the millions of Americans whose fear of crime put him in the White House. In most ways, Mr. Nixon has served his law-and-order constituency well: his nominations to the Supreme Court, for example. In other ways, simply because his advisers have misread the real concerns of that constituency, he has served it not so well. What could develop into his one serious disservice to law and order is his proposed legislation dealing with drug abuse.

Americans want more effective drug controls because they know that some drugs now used illegally are both incapacitating and addictive, and that users of such drugs commit crimes to support their habits. Thus, since heroin addicts in New York City steal an estimated $10 million worth of property every day to finance their next fix, New Yorkers concerned about law and order want heroin controlled.

But heroin traffic is hard to stop. The drug is almost untraceable: it is odorless and so potent that an easily concealed amount will service scores of users for weeks. Its dealers are as elusive as the drug itself: they are professionals, skilled in the art of evading the law. And, finally, heroin enters this country from all directions, by cars, boats and planes. Law enforcement agencies have never had much success with the heroin problem, and so the Nixon Administration, familiar with the grim record but still eager to stop drug-related crime, has zeroed in on what it thinks will be a more practical target —marijuana.

Marijuana is bulky and can be sniffed out of suitcases by trained dogs. Only small-time amateurs trade it, and they are easy prey for federal agents. Finally, almost all marijuana enters the country by car or truck from

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Mexico. Hence the most publicized feature of the Administration's drug abuse program, "Operation Intercept," which, according to Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, will "cut off the supply of marijuana at its source [and] will drive prices sky-high and effectively take it out of the hands of 90 per cent of the kids."

Even if Operation Intercept cuts the flow of marijuana from Mexico by 90 per cent, it still may be a Pyrrhic victory for the Justice Department. As the *NR Bulletin* (Sept. 30) pointed out, "some disadvantages" of a successful operation are that "small independent dealers will be forced out and organized criminals will move in; domestic pot production will rise; potheads will turn—are already turning—to easily-produced (and often more harmful) synthetic drugs."

But the most important weakness of Operation Intercept is the continuing insistence by many scientists that marijuana is not addictive, it is not incapacitating and it does not drive users to crime. If, as they argue, marijuana is not a contributor to the rising rate of crimes against property that created public demand for stronger drug controls, then Operation Intercept is not a net plus for the Administration, but a net minus—a frivolous distraction from the real problem of heroin. Representative Edward Koch of New York has introduced a bill in the House calling for a Presidential commission to resolve the questions about marijuana. The Administration would do well not to stiffen its program until the reports from just such a commission are in.

No Reactionary He

The account by Jessica Mitford of the trial of Drs. Coffin and Spock is worth analyzing, and in due course we shall do so in the book section. But we are meanwhile amused, and desire that ye should share our amusement, at the diligent failure of the critical community to make any mention at all of Miss Mitford's political leanings. You see, her interest in civil rights is an interest which, over the years, she has primarily expressed in behalf of people who desire to use their civil rights to further Communist interests. For instance, she served for years as secretary of the Civil Rights Congress. And the Civil Rights Congress, as anybody whose concern for civil rights is general rather than particular can tell you —ask, e.g., Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union—is a Communist operation; ask the Attorney General's Office, which so labeled it years ago. In other words, the tears Miss Mitford now sheds for Spock and Coffin are not tears she has shed over the years for, say, Babel and Pasternak, which means not necessarily that her account of what happened at Boston is inaccurate, but that her concern is, as the lawyers themselves would put it, tainted. And now hear this. One jolly editorial biographer, Jerry Tallmer of the *New York Post*, did a "close-up" of Miss Mitford, briefly describing her colorful family and the flirtation of two of her sisters with, respectively, fascism and Nazism. Not Jessica—she came to New York after the war, "landed a job with the OPA, there met a Brooklyn lawyer named Robert Treuhaft, no reactionary he, married in 1943 and moved with him in 1947 to Oakland Cal., where they've lived ever since." We like that, "no reactionary he." Robert Treuhaft has on three occasions been named under oath as a member of the Communist Party. Asked to deny, he invoked the Fifth Amendment. Jerry Tallmer—no reporter he.

Nixon at the Tiller

I try to dampen any doubt
As, getting set to come about,
He runs before the wind instead.
Then, sensing something dead ahead,
He jibs . . .
and with the rail awash,
Begins to point to windward! Gosh,
I'd hate to sever my support,
But starboard's right and left's to port.
Will someone tell the captain, please?
The crew's becoming ill at ease.

W. H. VON DREELE

Everyone Has His Problems

Sidney F. Walton has been named principal of an elementary school in Sausalito, California. The salary is $16,500 per year.

Walton had taught at Merritt College in Oakland, where he helped to organize the Black Panthers. The former president of Merritt, Edward Redford, tried to get him canned because, among other things, Walton forged official transcripts for Black Panther Bobby Seale, who had flunked out; presided at a meeting at which blacks beat Caucasian students as he looked on benignly; promised to burn down the college unless the militants were given control; and threatened President Redford's life.

From Merritt College Walton proceeded to the Palo Alto Unified School District, where he chiefly distinguished himself by announcing: "I don't need to work to live. I can always make it on welfare and devote all my time to revolutionary activity."

Sausalito pays even better than welfare, however, and so when the call came from District Superintendent Phillip Schneider he answered quickly, no doubt eager to teach the little ones his philosophy of education, which he expresses thus: "Black people are going to do something whether you like it or not. Your only choice will be whether it will be via burnings, bullets or books."

Asked if he were aware of Walton's record, Superintendent Schneider answered in typical high educationese, "Oh, of course. Everyone has his problems." Especially the poor Sausalito parents.

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Notes & Asides

■ Clay Felker
Editor, *New York Magazine*
New York, N.Y.

Dear Clay: Ideology launches a thousand ships every day, I know; but in civilized places, at least the effort is made to look honest about it. In your issue of September 15, your editors list the books of the forthcoming season, with comments, and divide them into two categories, Worth While and Worth Little. Under Worth Little I see: "*Odyssey of a Friend: Whittaker Chambers' Letters to William F. Buckley Jr., 1954-1961* (Putnam). What can one say?" What one can say is not a goddamn thing. Because the ideologized imposter who put the book in that category had not even seen the book, not a single review copy having been sent out (the existing edition is privately printed). I do believe we have here the *locus classicus* of book-burning, liberal style. Do you agree?

Yours faithfully, Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

CC: J. K. Galbraith, Hugh Kenner, Irving Kristol, John Leonard, Clare Boothe Luce, Malcolm Muggeridge, A. M. Rosenthal, Arthur Schlesinger

P.S. Mr. Felker's answer will be published just as soon as it comes in, but remember, the mails are very slow.
—WFB

■ Copy of a letter to an *NR* advertiser:

Dear Sirs: I'm the drunk in your ad who doesn't really appreciate good bourbon. Rather, I drink to get smashed. However, now that you're advertising in NATIONAL REVIEW, I'm getting smashed on Beam's Choice.

Charles G. Nelson (Cpl)
Saigon, Vietnam

■ It's not for Uncle Cletus or Aunt Emma Keds; but if you liked OUR PEOPLE's Underworld, you'll love *SNAFU*, its very own Journal of Conspiracy. ("Why, you wonder, do we need another Journal of Conspiracy just now? Well, we can't stand idly by and let THEM immanentize the Eschaton, that's why.") For a sample issue, send a buck (refundable on your subscription) to *SNAFU*, Box 1028-N, Larchmont, N.Y. 10538. And enjoy life again.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: As I indicated to you some time ago, I am your pigeon, therefore, whenever you suggest that I buy something for which I will get some sort of premium, I invariably go along with it and then promptly forget what I went along with. This may explain why I invariably get two of everything I'm promised. So I strongly suspect that where I have a choice of perhaps two books I have this choice for two different occasions and in each case make the same choice. This may be a bit confused to you but no more confused than some of your writings are to me. In any event, I am returning under separate cover one of the last pair I received, *Odyssey of a Friend*, which I enjoyed very much and is doubtless worth whatever I paid for what I bought.

Frank J. Schulte Jr.
Cleveland, Ohio

■ Sirs: Mr. William F. Buckley Jr. in his column [see p. 1079] makes the following offer:

"If anyone can find me one vote by Sen. Kennedy in favor of one measure designed to reduce government spending, I will retire to the DMZ."

We would point to Senator Kennedy's vote against the ABM as evidence of his concern with wasteful government spending on war.

Would you be kind enough to inform us when Mr. Buckley is leaving for the DMZ so we may arrange an appropriate farewell party?

Richard D. Parker, Michael A. Helfer, Douglas Melamed
Harvard Law Review, Cambridge, Mass.

■ Dear Bill: When I read the first of your two recent columns which concerned me, I was struck by your calm reasoning and eminent good sense. When I read the second, I was struck by your offer to retire to the DMZ if you could find one vote by me on a measure to reduce government spending.

So I'm writing, first, to thank you for the kindness of the earlier column. And I want to tell you, secondly, that I have indeed voted to reduce government spending.

On September 19, 1967, for instance, I voted in favor of an amendment to reduce by $21 million the Independent Offices Appropriations Bill for fiscal year 1968. Included in this amendment was a sum of $1,177,000 for a new federal building for Springfield, Massachusetts.

Shortly after this vote, when I returned to Western Massachusetts, I learned that there is a lesson to be drawn from economy in government: When you are the senior Senator from Massachusetts, and you want to cut federal spending, don't start by voting against a post office in Springfield.

So I did want to point out that you haven't given me proper credit for keeping my eye on the federal budget. And I can assure you that the DMZ is not such a bad place since we reduced the bombing. Best regards,

Ted

■ *DMZ. Dear Ted: You may resume bombing when ready. Now you have a sufficient motivation. Best, B.*
—WFB

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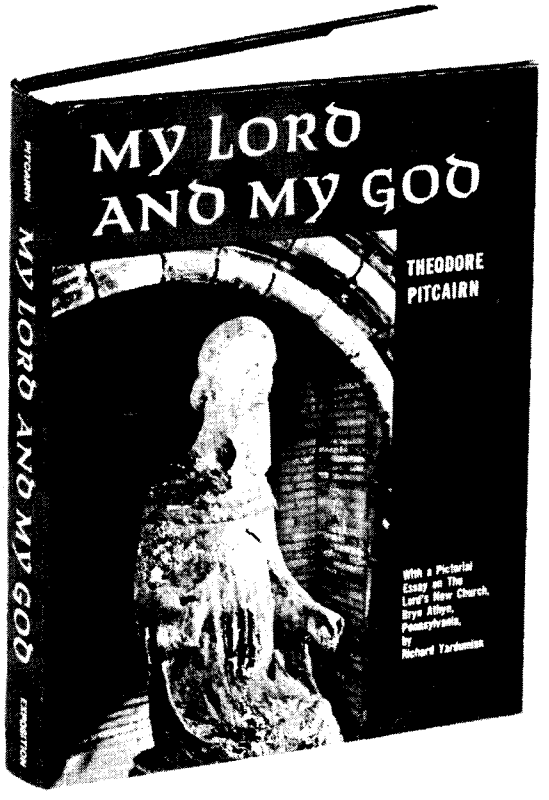
ARE THE CHURCHES

DO WE NEED A NEW RELIGIOUS CONCEPT?



MY LORD and MY GOD

Essays on Modern Religion, the Bible and Emanuel Swedenborg

by THEODORE PITCAIRN,
one of the pastors of
The Lord's New Church
(Swedenborgian)
at Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania

FROM THE TEXT

History teaches us: Civilizations grow and flourish, and then degenerate and fall. It is the same with religions. There are those who feel that the present civilization shows signs of decay. Prominent men and women have pointed this out, but what causes the decay is not clearly seen. The fall of civilizations and religions is the result of false attitudes or a false religious philosophy—that is, of sophistry—arising out of wrong motives.

DANGER TO THE CHURCHES

From the book: Most people consider atheism and communism to be the greatest danger to the church. But the greatest danger is not from without, but from the sophisticated leaders within the church, who have no living faith in the Word of God or in the Lord as God, and who often undermine the faith of the simple. With the increase of worldly education, nearly everyone is becoming sophisticated, so that spiritual wisdom is becoming rare.

The sophisticated have gained the dominant power not only in theological schools, but in most of the leading universities, art schools, magazines and museums, and in the government, so that one scarcely finds a proportion of one wise man to twenty sophisticated persons in places of prominence or power.

MANY DO NOT LOOK TO THE LORD

The sophisticated and sensual man strongly resents the idea that every word in the Word of the Lord has a spiritual significance and that everything in creation corresponds to a spiritual idea or to some Divine or human affection, for such an idea threatens the center of his life, which resides in his conceit, in relation to his scientific ideas, and in his sensual delight in pleasures as such. He does not want to lift up his eyes to the mountains; he does not look to the Lord for help, for he trusts in himself and delights in his scientific or philosophic ideas and sensual pleasures. He will therefore combat against the above idea with all his might and with every argument at his disposal; for he does not wish to leave the life he is in, although he is aware at times of its emptiness. He cannot realize that all good pleasures can serve love to God and one's neighbor, and that when such pleasures serve these higher ends, man is far happier than he was before.

Lincoln's Religion: When Abraham Lincoln was running for President, some asked him what was his religion. To this question he replied: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the First and Great Commandment. And the second is like unto it; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Most Christians would say that they agree with Lincoln, but there is scarcely one in a hundred who seriously attempts actually to carry out such a belief in his life.

In past centuries many made faith, or the contemplation of God, the only thing of importance and neglected the things having to do with our love and duty to our neighbor. At the present day most, even in the churches, looking to the good of society—or social gospel, as it is called—which they identify with love toward their neighbor, neglect the words of the greatest Commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . with all thy *mind*."

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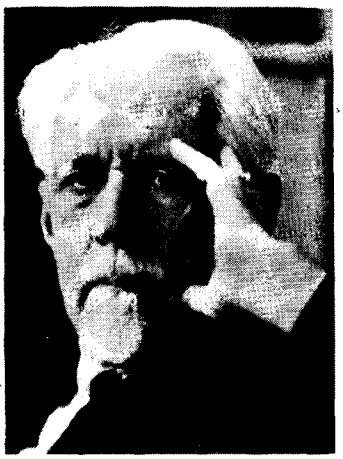
LOSING THEIR INFLUENCE?

From the Prologue: A religious belief which demands profound study and effort, which has no prospect of becoming popular, which is and will be despised by the learned sophisticates, and which therefore will be accepted by few, has little appeal, except to those who desire to find and follow the truth even if it causes them to be despised and ridiculed.

The great majority of people say that they believe in God. But in modern times, particularly in America and Europe, the idea of God has become more and more vague and uncertain, so that to many, God has become an unknown God.

WHO IS OUR LORD?

Nowadays most people think theology is unimportant; they think that they can have a kind of intuition of God, apart from any definite idea. If a person thinks he loves his father and mother and is uninterested in the character and quality of his parents, in the history of their life, in their goals, their ideals, and their thoughts, his love is a sentimental love of no value. In the same way, if a man thinks he loves God and is uninterested in theology, his love is a sentimental love of no value; for theology is nothing but the knowledge of God, and to pretend to love without wishing to know God is a fantasy. In a word, if one says he loves God and is uninterested in theology, his love is not genuine.



THEODORE PITCAIRN

It is important not only to know, if possible, who our Lord and God is, but also to know the nature, attributes, or qualities of God. A false idea of God necessarily leads to a false idea of man; and vice versa, a false idea of man leads to a false idea of God, and this, to a false idea of life.

If a man does not find his Lord and his God, he ascribes this to his understanding and not to the real cause, namely, that not having a pure heart, he cannot see God—he cannot find Him.

A NOBLER RELIGION

From the Postscript: The higher, the purer, and the nobler a religion, the worse are they who are in it and do not live according to its precepts. A bad heathen is not nearly so bad as a bad Christian . . . whereas a Christian who lives contrary to the Lord's Commandments, and feels certain he is saved, is the worst of all, for to his other sins he adds the worst form of pride. The prime evil in the world is the love of self, pride, vanity.

Every man by his very nature loves himself in the first place, and from this love wishes in his heart to be as God, knowing from himself good and evil. He does not want a Divine Human God above himself, before whom he is to kneel and bow down. He does not want a Divine Revelation of the Word of God. If, therefore, a man is really to seek God where he can be found, it is not in the first place an intellectual question, but it is a question of wrestling with one's own pride and the conceit of one's own intelligence, for it is these that hide the face of God, and no seeking after God will enable man to find Him as long as these hide His face.

Some accept atheism or agnosticism because they wish to give free rein to their desires, apart from any restraint of conscience. Other become agnostics or atheists because they see so many so-called Christians live hypocritical lives—going to church and putting on an appearance of piety, whereas in business and sexual conduct they are worse than those of many who make little pretense of having any faith.

A NEW UNDERSTANDING

We especially address ourselves to those who are distressed at the signs of the times and desire to consider the basic causes of the confusion of our day: causes which are on the plane of ideas but which have their effect in the life of people. We shall examine the cause of what we see as the decline of Christian civilization and consider remedies for it.

The only real cure demands a new understanding of and faith in the Lord, a new understanding of the relation of God to man and of man to God; and a new repentance out of a humble heart. This must be accompanied by a hope—but a realistic hope, not an optimistic idea that all things will turn quickly for the better; a hope that there will be a sufficient number of people who will come to a new repentance so that there can be established a true Christian civilization which can endure.

Theodore Pitcairn

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THE CHURCH AT THE CROSSROADS

"If the Lord helps us, we would like to be loved," quoth Pope Paul. Fine, says the author—but who's minding the store? The Church is in trouble, he concludes—from the very top down

The Pope as Hamlet

JOHN H. KNOX

THE CONTEMPORARY CHALLENGE to authority in the Catholic Church has received so much attention from the press that little space has been given to the reaction of authority to the challenge. Practically no one asks publicly what the Pope is doing about the evils he deplores and to what extent he is responsible for them because of his refusal to act instead of just talking against them. Yet, as we see so clearly in the American universities today, the reaction to a challenge is often more important than the challenge itself. History is full of examples of regimes overthrown less through the virtue or wisdom or strength of their opponents, than through their own inept and pusillanimous defense of their position. It is hard to believe Charles I, Louis XVI and Nicholas II had to end up just as they did.

What we are witnessing in the Church today is the disintegration of the central administrative authority—and this not because of the strength of the attack but because of the weakness of the defense. Hitler's comment on the Czech border defenses—that the strength of the concrete mattered little when the will to resist was so weak—comes to mind. We all know that though the constitutional and legal powers of the American President remain substantially the same, each Presidency differs markedly from the others. This is so not only because no two Presidents meet exactly the same problems but because each has his own style, personality, temperament, character, etc. The same is true of pontificates and popes.

No one doubts there would be plenty of serious problems no matter who was pope. This is especially true in the wake of the Council and while the necessary

and difficult task of decentralizing Church government is in process. Still, it is not the problems but the way they are handled that distinguishes one reign from another. No one ever had any trouble telling Leo XIII from Pius IX or John XXIII from Pius XII. What distinguishes Paul VI from all his predecessors is his refusal to act against any individual, no matter how grave the provocation. He contents himself with deploring the error or misconduct, sometimes tearfully, and is always careful to attribute only high motives to all the erring, whom he never identifies. He seems to feel he has discharged his obligation to defend the truth and his own position when he has done that much. When he praises the motives of high-ranking prelates who openly attack his authority he resembles President Perkins of Cornell smiling gamely through a confrontation with SDS and the black militants.

When Cardinal O'Boyle returned from the Consistory of 1967 with his hat, he preached on the current disorders in the Church and the distress they were causing the Pope. He stated that since his election on June 21, 1963 the Pope had not censured or punished any individual. As far as I know this is still true with one exception—the Belgian abbot of a monastery in Mexico who was removed for making psychoanalytical treatment mandatory for his monks and who, according to press reports, promptly left the Church and started a nonsectarian religious community.

Sensitive to Criticism

The objective causes of this state of affairs are mainly as follows. The Pope is trying hard to make the Church more acceptable to the non-Catholic world, whether Christian, non-Christian or anti-Christian. He is accentuating all points of agreement or mutual interest. As far as he can do so without altering fundamental Catholic doctrine or undermining his own position, he is willing to eliminate or tone down anything in Catholic doctrine or practice that repels or irritates that world. At the same time he wants to regain or retain the allegiance of many ordinary, nominal Catholics who in one way or another find the yoke of active membership too heavy.

Hence much of his stress on ecumenism, the Secretariat for Non-Believers, the campaign for peace and against poverty, the abolition of practically all fasting and abstinence, the abolition of papal ties to the Roman nobility from which nothing more is to be

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expected by the Holy See, the constant flattery of the common people in whom political power is seen or thought to rest, and many other facets of his plan to give the Church a new image.

In his speech in St. Peter's on April 2, 1969 (quoted in the English edition of the *Osservatore Romano*, April 10) he said: "It has been rightly pointed out that a wave of serenity and optimism has spread through the Church and the world from the Council: a consoling and positive Christianity acceptable and amiable, a Christianity friendly to life, to men, even to earthly values, to our society, to our history. We might almost see in the Council the intention to make Christianity free from all medieval rigorism and from any pessimistic interpretations regarding men, their customs, their transformations, their exigencies." He then adds immediately and characteristically: "This is true, but let us be careful. The Council did not forget that the Cross is at the center of Christianity."

Subjectively, Pope Paul's attitude is rooted in his temperament. He is an intelligent, sensitive, introspective, high-minded, patient and well-trained man. He is also well-informed, austere, modest, industrious, timid and indecisive. He shrinks from making irrevocable decisions and, like most who do, finds it easier to say yes than no. His vacillation comes from a reluctance to accept responsibility. Like many professional diplomats he thinks he can attain almost any goal by patient negotiation and flexibility. He spent thirty years in close association with two particularly forceful superiors, Pius XI and Pius XII. In that time he neither made nor executed policy. His role was to transmit orders and decisions, for which others bore the responsibility. Now that responsibility is his, and he finds it almost too heavy to bear. He is a fine example of the excellent second who is over his head as number one. Tacitus describes him in his famous comment on Galba: "He seemed greater than a subject while he was yet in a subject's rank, and by common consent would have been pronounced worthy of the crown if he had never reigned." Paul VI is intensely sensitive to criticism; since most of the public criticism comes from liberals he makes strenuous efforts to placate them. Moreover, he is afraid of being disobeyed.

Every pope's task is to rule, teach and sanctify the Universal Church, in that order. Few will heed his teaching if he is unable to enforce it and keep order in the Church. If he cannot rule or teach effectively his contribution to sanctification will be minimal. It is a tragedy for Paul VI and the Church that he is placed where his chief weakness—a congenital incapacity to govern—is so evident and so important. His admirable intentions are not enough. As Pius XI said in another connection, "piety does not allow us to dispense with technique." It is obvious that he finds his role as ruler uncongenial, and that, like Adlai Stevenson, he is uncomfortable with authority. He rarely gives an order. He is always exhorting, entreating and recommending, but that is all. When he teaches with supreme authority as in his Creed and in the Encyclical *Humanae Vitae* he never orders his teaching to be accepted but merely *recommends* it. There are no penalties for disobeying it or even for repudiating it publicly.

Uncorrected and Unpunished

We could hardly find a clearer example of the Pope's refusal to act firmly and openly against dissidents than the one provided by the *NY Times Magazine* (May 11, 1969) in the article on Father Hesburgh of Notre Dame. It states that the Pope has received from Father Hesburgh serious charges against two priests teaching theology at Notre Dame. One of them attacks the doctrine of the Resurrection and the other the papal teaching on birth control. The first is a basic Catholic teaching expressly restated in the Creed of Pope Paul VI (April 30, 1968). The other attacks the authority and competence of the Encyclical *Humanae Vitae* in which the Pope expressly states that he is teaching with the authority conferred on his office by Christ. Yet, nothing is done and the article suggests that Father Hesburgh deals directly with the Pope, bypassing the regular channels, because he knows that is the way to make sure that nothing is done.

There are other instances, e.g. the claim of the Theology faculty at the Catholic University of America that academic freedom allows them to attack, in a pontifical university, the formal public teaching of the Holy See in matters of faith and morals. The editors of *America*, who took such a lofty stand when NATIONAL REVIEW criticized *Mater et Magistra*, have openly criticized *Humanae Vitae*. The point is not that criticisms are made but that they go uncorrected and unpunished. No wonder the ordinary people are bewildered and that their uncertainty as to what the Church really teaches leads many to doubt all her teaching.

Marriage and the Clergy

The wave of serenity and optimism from the Council to which the Pope referred is not evident now either in the priesthood or in the religious orders, and once again his own role is pivotal. He has stated repeatedly that the existing law on celibacy for the clergy of the Latin Church will never be relaxed. Very recently he asked the various Episcopal conferences of the world to reaffirm their support of that teaching. If he intends to retain it, why does he allow it to be discussed endlessly as an open question in the official Catholic press? He personally made the decision to relax the ancient discipline and make it very easy for priests to marry. By so doing he has substantially devalued the vow of celibacy. By that and by tolerating the endless discussion of celibacy he has unsettled and confused large numbers of the younger priests and seminarians. Moreover, by making clerical marriage both easy and respectable he has served notice that the clergy are fair game for husband hunters. Recently released statistics indicate that the number of applications for release from celibacy have increased over 1,000 per cent since the election of Paul VI, and that the rate is increasing steadily. It is hard to believe he neither foresaw nor intended the consequences of his decision, though he may not have foreseen that it would spread to bishops and to his own entourage.

With the exception of the more extravagant innovations in the liturgy no developments under Paul VI have surprised ordinary people as much as the changes in the religious orders. The speed and extent of the collapse would have been incredible in 1962. In all his speeches on the reform of the orders, the Pope has stressed the necessity of preserving the basic principles of each congregation and the spirit of its founder. Once again there is the gap between precept and practice. He has released such a torrent of dispensations, exemptions and permissions that many sober observers wonder if the religious orders will last another twenty years.

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The flight from the cloister, which in this country led to the *1969 Catholic Directory* listing nine thousand fewer sisters than the 1968 volume, would be serious enough but would leave the institution intact. Now the institution itself, in every form the Church has known since the third century, is under attack from within. The stricter orders have suffered most. The spectacular collapse of discipline among the Jesuits has done them more damage than all the attacks of their enemies, but it has come from within and above. No one supposes Paul VI approves of all these changes but no one expects him to do anything about them.

Settling Things

One of the major causes of the success of the Reformation was the administrative chaos in the Church. It has often been said that the smoothly functioning, highly centralized system of the past century would make it impossible for anything remotely resembling the Reformation to occur now. But no system can help if the man on top is unable or unwilling to put it in motion.

There is a striking parallel between the attitude of the liberals in the American universities and the present situation in the Church. All the blame is assumed by the institution. All guilt and blame are removed from the dissidents and wreckers, there is a wallowing in self-reproach and in protestations of moral inferiority to those who reject or wish to change or wreck the status quo, and there is a general attitude of universal, indiscriminate, spineless—and often mindless—benevolence. There is above all a failure to stress and act upon the basic principles that mature human beings are accountable for their conduct and that their freedom to act or not to act brings no immunity from the consequences of their free choice. In the academic world as in the Church, weakness masquerades as compassion. Unfortunately, in the administrative order weakness often does more harm than vice does.

In these circumstances the liberal attacks on Paul VI are ungenerous and unjust. There never was and probably never will be a pope who has tried so hard to please them and who so sincerely shares so many of their beliefs. Like so many of them he believes in law without sanctions, a policy most Catholics reserve for the Church Triumphant and the Millennarians for the reign of the saints. It is strange how few, who criticize Pius XI and Pius XII for not stopping Hitler, ask what Paul VI would have done. Fortunately we will never know. The thirtieth anniversary of Pius XI's denunciation of Hitler, in the composition of which Pius XII played an active role, passed unnoticed by the Catholic press. No one could imagine such a document being issued now.

The Pope himself has defined the crisis in the Church as one of faith and of authority. In his speech to the cardinals on June 23, he described two current problems as being of greater import than all others. These are a diminished sense of doctrinal orthodoxy and a certain diffuse lack of confidence in the exercise of the hierarchical ministry. They are closely linked. If it is true that those who have real trouble with faith can easily reject authority, it is equally true that those who find the voice of authority an uncertain trumpet may easily develop trouble with the faith. It is important to keep in mind that there is nothing new in the present

attacks on the faith. The Catholic teaching of the Eucharist, the sacraments, the veneration of the saints, original sin, the authority of the Holy See, the celibacy of the clergy, etc. has been attacked for centuries by those outside the Church. When people inside it began to advance such views they generally went out of their own accord or were put out. What is different now is that people in good standing in the Church attack her fundamental doctrines with impunity. The Holy See will do nothing.

Paul VI is well aware of the difference between himself and his predecessors and is confident that he has chosen the correct path. He has convinced himself that he is not obligated to interfere, and that for high religious motives. On December 7, 1968 he addressed the students of the Lombard College in Rome and said in part: "The Church finds herself in an hour of disquiet, of self-criticism, one might even say of self-destruction. It is like an acute complex interior upheaval that no one expected after the Council. . . ." This sad fact has become most notable: The Church is wounding herself. Many expect from the Pope dramatic gestures, energetic and decisive interventions. The Pope does not deem that he should follow any line but that of confidence in Jesus Christ, to whom he has entrusted his Church more than to anyone else. "It is for Him to calm the tempest." Again on June 23, 1969 in speaking to the cardinals in Rome he said, in reference to the attacks on papal authority:

"It would be easy and perhaps even obligatory for us to rectify certain assertions relative to those dense and clamorous objections, but we believe the good People of God, being informed of the true state of matters and enlightened by that wisdom that proceeds from charity, can easily do this for itself." On February 17, 1969 he addressed the Lenten Preachers of Rome and said in part: "Notice please, dear friends, how the style of our ecclesiastical government aims at being pastoral, that is, aims at being guided by duty and charity, open to understanding and indulgence, demanding in sincerity and zeal but fatherly, brotherly, humble in sentiment and in its forms. From this point of view, if the Lord helps us, we would like to be loved."

With the exception of that hardy substitute for thought, "Love is all that matters," no slogan has been used more frequently since the Council than that authority is a form of service. Many who use it think it is new, though it is surely as old as Christianity and was already venerable when Gregory the Great wrote on it circa 600 A.D. It appears frequently in the writings and speeches of Paul VI. The one service rendered by authority, that is peculiar to it and one of its specific functions, is to settle things. This is not always easy, agreeable or popular, but that is unimportant. We need not look beyond our own time to see in both Church and state the evils that accumulate for both authority and the community it is intended to serve, when that task is shirked. □

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LETTER FROM GERMANY

Brandt and the Bogeyman

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

When, three years ago, Germany came under the rule of the "Great Coalition" of Christian Democrats and Socialists, with Kurt Kiesinger as Chancellor and Willy Brandt as Vice Chancellor and Foreign Minister, there was rejoicing. At last the Germans had achieved the fulfillment of their ancient longing for *Einigkeit*—unity for unity's sake: The Kiesinger government had the support of almost nine-tenths of the Bundestag; the opposition was confined to the anemic moaning of the tiny Free Democratic Party, a strange concoction of "get-rich" entrepreneurs and leftist ideologues.

Now Kiesinger is packing his bags and the "Little Coalition" of Socialists and Free Democrats is about to become, for the first time in Bonn's history, a reality. How long it can endure is doubtful. In the recent campaign, the electioneering of both the SDP and the FDP centered on such a "Little Coalition." The political engagement was celebrated in Moscow: Last August, both parties (but not the Christian Democrats) received and accepted an invitation to discuss German matters with the Soviets. It was a significant and utterly characteristic happening, for the only thing the two have in common is their mutual longing for an "arrangement" with first the Soviets, and then with East Germany's Walter Ulbricht. Consequently, a "Little Coalition," as it could not possibly reach an understanding in any other realm of politics, would of necessity concentrate on a fast "arrangement" with Moscow. The Soviets immediately saw their chance.

Surrender to Socialists

Actually, of course, the "Great Coalition" was the permanent surrender of the Christian Democrats to the Socialists. For, just to keep the two incompatible parties together, Kiesinger yielded constantly to the superior cunning and the remarkable tactical acumen of Herbert Wehner, the actual leader of the German Socialists. (Until 1944, Wehner was Secretary General of the Communist Party; and, though he quite believably broke with the Stalinist hierarchy, he has never renounced or diluted his honest faith in revolutionary socialism.)

The "Great Coalition" was probably necessary, and at any rate unavoidable, in 1967, when a troublesome financial impasse and a slight economic recession needed fast legislation which was obtainable only with the support of the Socialist faction in the Bundestag. But the coalition was merely acceptable, and was indeed presented by Kiesinger as a short-term arrangement—with the binding promise in his inauguration statement that the two governing parties would, within a year or two, submit a new election law which would at last give Germany a true two-party system. Germany, like any other modern nation, cannot produce a workable government without securing, for one party or the other, a clear-cut mandate and a clear-cut majority. A reform of the election law in that direction was overdue in Germany, and the "Great Coalition" committed itself to such a reform. But when the moment came (in 1968) to pass the promised legislation, the Socialists welshed on the promise. And Kiesinger, instead of breaking up the concubinate that had become meaningless and downright treacherous, compelled the Christian Democrats to continue the liaison. The Christian Democrats are paying now for this loss of nerve.

The promised electoral reform, stipulating that each constituency of the 400-odd in Germany elect only one deputy, would have naturally kept splinter parties out of the German parliament: Only the two great parties can attain a majority in each of the 400 election districts. The promised reform was a foolproof guarantee against any future parliamentary growth of Adolf von Thadden's allegedly "neo-nazi" NPD and all other formations of the lunatic fringe. But it was also a guarantee against all future Great Coalitions. And so Wehner actually sponsored the parliamentary ordainment of the NPD.

Why did Wehner welsh? For perfectly good and very meaningful reasons. Wehner and Brandt are persuaded (correctly, I think) that they cannot sell the Germans on socialism unless they retain power for a least a decade. Had they kept their promise and passed the electoral reform bill, they would have remained, for the foreseeable future, the more or less loyal opposition within a two-party system. Thus, they decided that a Bundestag with a considerable bunch of NPD deputies is, for the Socialists, preferable to a Bundestag consisting of an honest majority and an honest opposition: The appearance of an alarming NPD faction, in the earlier calculation of Wehner and Brandt, made a permanent continuation of the "Great Coalition" practically unavoidable. For in their calculation neither the Christian Democrats nor the Socialists could afford to "oppose" in the presence of the NPD in the Bundestag.

Willy Couldn't Wait

But even if, in this year's elections, the NPD were to be stopped short (as it was) of the 5 per cent of the popular vote which is required for any party entering the Bundestag, even then the Socialists saw an excellent chance of enforcing their permanent "participation." For in that case, surely at least the tiny FDP would slip into the parliament—and provide the SDP with the jimmy it needed to break into Bonn's headquarters. True, if both NPD and FDP could not take the 5 per cent hurdle, the Christian Democrats no doubt would command a majority in the Bundestag and, consequently, form a one-party government. But Wehner quite correctly dismissed such an election outcome as most unlikely. One of the two minor parties, he figured, would get into the Bundestag, if not both. And if it were the FDP alone, the Socialists began to consider a coalition government with them rather than with the Christian Democrats.

At first, Wehner and the larger part of the Socialist hierarchy played with that idea rather as a tactical gimmick: The Christian Democrats, he presumed, would be horrified by the mere thought that a government might be formed without them (even though the FDP could supply the SDP with only a tiny

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majority margin); and would pay through the nose for the privilege of continuing the "Great Coalition" with the SDP after all.

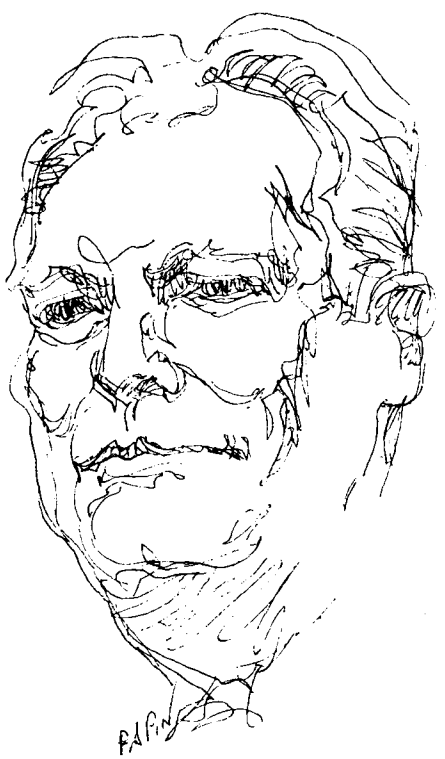
Wehner, in other words, is shrewd enough to appreciate that his party can enjoy the benefits of governing for any significant length of time only in a coalition with the other great German party. A marginal majority, supplied by the FDP, would only too soon end in parliamentary disaster. But in recent months the ambitions of Willy Brandt and, even more importantly, of the incredibly arrogant Economics Minister, Professor Karl Schiller, turned Wehner's tactical ruse into a serious stratagem. For Willy Brandt to be, if only for a few months, a veritable Chancellor, Bonn's supreme boss, had become such an irresistible temptation that he sacrificed his party's chances of sharing, for years to come, all power with the Christian Democrats.

'Nazi' Who Wasn't

IN ALL THESE grave and complex considerations the NPD played a grave and complex role. This party, for all the backbreaking work it has done in recent years, represents today less than 5 per cent of the German people—compared with the 13.5 per cent of the American voters George Wallace could rally last year. The comparison is very much to the point: Not only are the social background and emotional makeup of German NPD voters surprisingly similar to those of George Wallace's embittered supporters—the political landscape of Adolf von Thadden's career is almost identical with that of Wallace's. And neither Wallace nor von Thadden, nor the supporters of either, is going to disappear quietly after a loss at the polls.

Herr von Thadden, to begin with, is one of the few living Germans over forty-eight who was never a Nazi. On the contrary, his family was quite deeply engaged in the anti-Nazi underground, and a sister of his was executed by the Gestapo. Yet Adolph von Thadden was himself never an anti-Fascist either. Rather, throughout his entire political life (which began when Hitler died) he was and remained the typical German patriot who cannot accept Germany's military defeat—a very frustrated, ill-humored, embittered type of human being, peculiarly driven by profound resentment against the military victor, i.e. America. The substance of his political convictions is that nothing, absolutely nothing, the victorious Americans have planted, tolerated or initiated in defeated Germany could possibly be acceptable or even viable. So infuriated is von Thadden with the American presence in Germany that, on the occasion of the Soviet invasion of Prague, he disclosed the essence of his policy: If the Soviets would only tolerate an NPD-led Germany, such a Germany would prove that, unlike the unreliable Czechs, Poles and other ridiculous Slavic tribes, NPD-purified Germans are reasonable and reliable allies of Russia's cause in Europe.

So much for von Thadden. As for his party (numbering at the moment a few less than 30,000 members), it contains indeed a great number of former Nazis, but not nearly as many as are enlisted today in the Christian Democratic Party and, above all, in the Social Democratic Party. (Readers of the *New York Times* are still not aware of the remarkable fact that today's most prominent German Socialist, Prof. Schiller, was an active Nazi to the bitter end of Adolph Hitler.)



As it happens, the NPD is considerably "younger" than all other German parties: the average age of its members is below that of organized Christian Democrats, Social Democrats and Free Democrats. In discussions with German students, I have met hundreds of such young NPD members. They are, on the whole, young men of old-fashioned good manners. They are deeply troubled by the unfortunate inclinations of a German officialdom that, until this day, acts and speaks as if it were "collaborating" with foreign "occupiers." Doesn't this strike a familiar note? Doesn't it remind you of the Southern state of mind—the brooding suspicion of George Wallace's faithful that the Civil War is not yet over and the carpetbaggers are still looting the South? Well, the typical NPD-German suspects that the GIs are still looting Germany. It is assuredly neither a pleasant nor a reasonable attitude. But it has little to do with neo-Nazism as the political makeup of George Wallace's party has to do with fascism.

As to antisemitism, it is much less articulate in the NPD than in New York's Racquet and Tennis Club; or, for that matter, in Harlem. There are, of course, stubborn traces of antisemitism in the NPD, as in all authentic formations of post-Hitler Germany, but they are under much firmer control in Germany than in any other Western or even Eastern nations—if only because there are far fewer Jews in this country than elsewhere, and because the Germans are still very much aware of the fact that it was they themselves who, with such terrifying effectiveness, created the void.

Hopeless, Unless . . .

But the outstanding NPD phenomenon is the blatant hopelessness of the movement—not only its numerical weakness, but also its factual admission that the NPD constitutes a political ghetto in Germany. This may of course change, when and if the NPD becomes the respectable opposition in the Bundestag; which means, if and when Germany's traditional political parties refuse to live a normal political life—a life that accepts both honest government and honest opposition as the normal duty and the normal fate of honest parties. If, however, either Christian Democrats or Social Democrats, out of panic or out of arrogance, use the existence of the NPD as an excuse for panic or arrogance; if "Great Coalitions" are formed, or the role of a normal opposition refused, merely because there now exists a thing like the NDP—then the NPD might grow into a relevant fact of German political life. □

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LETTER FROM ENGLAND

Parlement of Fooles

AUBERON WAUGH

In the last issue I commented with suitable admiration on the robustness of a culture which in New York puts its poor, its dropouts and its misfits to use as a tourist attraction. Our nearest equivalent in England to the spectacle of Bowery bums which I was invited to examine in New York is the annual Labor Party Conference, held this year in all the magnificence of Regency Brighton. As might be expected, the Wilson administration is somewhat embarrassed by any close examination of the party structure which brought it to power, and which might yet sustain it there; neither tourists nor the British public are encouraged to attend, but the press can't be kept out, and tradition insists that foreign observers be invited from all the embassies. It would be fascinating to know what they make of it all.

The jamboree starts with a party rally, or Demonstration, as it is called, at which everyone sings the "Red Flag" and pretends that such disagreements as may come to light in the course of the following days are really skin deep, when compared to the indissolubly fraternal feelings which unite the movement. Press coverage tends to overlook this meeting, as being the equivalent in British politics of your own drum majorettes and cheerleaders for party primaries, but I always go, if only for the pleasure of seeing the Prime Minister, pipe in hand, standing to attention and singing the "Red Flag."

The people's flag is deepest red
It's shrouded oft our martyred dead
Before their limbs grow stiff and cold
Their blood will stain its every fold.

The tune, in case it is unfamiliar to NATIONAL REVIEW readers, is the same as "Maryland, My Maryland" or "O Tannenbaum."

So raise the people's standard high,
Beneath its shade, we'll live and die
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here.

Next morning, the knives were out. Support for the Labor Party is traditionally based upon the trade unions—both so far as funds and ultimate political motivation are concerned—but in order to present even the semblance of administrative competence the Party has needed to attract a scattering of middle-class intellectuals. Party Conference is the time for their chastisement. Among the unsuccessful initiatives of Mr. Wilson's government this year was an attempt to curb the powers of the trade unions, enshrined in a White Paper produced by Mrs. Secretary Castle, entitled *In Place of Strife*.

Since the unions had managed to defeat this attempt, one might have supposed that they would have been prepared to be magnanimous. A bargain was reached whereby they would do nothing to upset proceedings—provided of course that nothing was said to provoke them.

However, Mrs. Castle misjudged their sensibilities. Part of the deal whereby the government hoped to persuade its parliamentary supporters to accept the Industrial Relations Bill, curbing the power of unions, was a promise to drop the Prices and Incomes Act, regulating wage increases. When the Industrial Relations Bill was dropped, everybody supposed that the Prices and Incomes Act would remain. That was a battle for the approaching session of parliament, however, not for the Labor Party Conference, until Mrs. Castle made the mistake of referring to it in the course of her speech. Everything else she said was completely unexceptionable. She congratulated the government on achieving such a degree of cordiality with the unions as to make her Industrial Relations Bill unnecessary. She promised legislation in the next session to enforce equal pay for women within five years (when Labor will probably be out of office) and was clapped for it. But the silly woman had to spoil everything then by mentioning the dread Prices and Income Act.

Within seconds, every semblance of party unity was lost. Jack Jones, head of the powerful Transport and General Worker's Union, and a man who is set fair to becoming the first leader of Britain's Left since Aneurin Bevan, was soon on his feet, shouting incomprehensibly. Mr. Wilson's strategy for the conference had been to treat it as a pre-election meeting where unity was vital, but Jack Jones soon made his position clear: "It is no use passing over differences as vital as incomes policy. We want a Labor government, but we want one to fight for working-class policies. Some of our politicians must be out of their minds."

Whether the gaffe of Mrs. Castle's was the result of pressure from the Treasury led by Chancellor of the Exchequer Roy Jenkins, in response to anxiety about the International Monetary Fund, or whether it was her own simple tactlessness, we shall probably never know. But it illustrates the impossibility of reconciling any two of the three concepts on which the Labor movement is based: government, the working-class interest and socialism.

Of course, the government has never felt itself obliged to obey Conference resolutions, or those of the Labor Party executive. Few politicians, however, hold it in quite the disdain of Mr. Roy Jenkins who, when asked about the Executive's proposal for a wealth tax, was once heard to refer to it as "a scwuffy little Committee which has nothing to do with me." So far as Mr. Wilson is concerned, the Labor Party as represented in Conference is what pays the piper and must therefore be able to call the tune, even if the noises he makes in deference to Conference demands bear very little relation to government activity in any sphere. And in order to preserve the fiction that Conference determines policy, the executive is prepared to accept any number of contradictions and compromises. Some years ago it passed two contradictory resolutions on nuclear disarmament; this year it passed a resolution accepting the government's application to join the Common Market subject to various totally unacceptable, and therefore impossible, guarantees.

The importance—and the terror—of Labor Conferences are that they reveal the full stupidity which lies beneath the gentle, fluting noises of our political leaders in this country. The Spanish Civil War features far larger in the

(Continues on page 1075)

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LETTER FROM ANGOLA

Eight Years after the Terror

DAVID L. NIDDRIE

EVERY MORNING at 8:15 A.M., the internal Angolan Air Service has a DC-3 ready to fly north to Carmona. In a far corner of the Luanda airport apron lies its mate—a dusty unused model which belonged to Moise Tshombe; it arrived one day in 1964 with a load of gold from Congo Kinshasa, was parked, and had not moved at Tshombe's death. This is Monday morning and the plane is full. The director of the Commercial Bank of Angola is going to open yet another branch in this once unhappy region; young soldiers and officers are returning from local leave with their arm-shields blazoned "*Tudo por um, um por tudo*," automatic rifles casually slung on shoulders, and bandoliers bulging with cartridge cases—all carefully labeled as passenger's luggage to be carried inside the plane itself—since no soldier may be separated from the tools of his trade. Women and children, in bright party frocks, returning home after seeing a medical specialist, fill all the narrow seats of the plane.

A brief glimpse of the Atlantic Ocean gently swelling against a steep shoreline, dotted with a number of small fish factories, and flight number 402 passes through two thousand feet of *cacimbo* cloud into hazy sunshine. Refreshments are not served on this or on any internal Angolan route, so now there follows the dead period—an hour of glare, and contemplation of the endless sad grey cotton-wool.

Everything about the landscape around Carmona in northern Angola looks settled—well-established villages, the network of roads and a mass of agricultural activity. Yet during 1961 this was the scene of Africa's most devastating havoc (until Biafra), when thousands of northern Angolan tribes fled before the wave of terrorism which engulfed whole communities. Slaughter and counter-slaughter left behind an empty land. Those not killed fled across the Congo River into Congo Kinshasa settling for a form of helotry under minor Kikongo chiefs, obliged to hand over half their food production in return for being allowed to occupy tribal lands. Supported by private funds collected in the U.S., this revolt brought a bloody Portuguese counterblast, whose atavistic violence equaled that of the rebels and left a scar upon the Portuguese nation that has not yet healed.

Coming in to the main street of Carmona is, for those who have seen it before, a constant reminder of the stability of existence in this part of the world. The large seed palms (*Caryata Urens*) which line both sides of the street are mature specimens of the breed, with their fine leaves and long fruit stems covered in bird droppings. Those who know Carmona can never forget the myriad swarms of swallows which surge about, soaring and swooping in abrupt curves along this street. Single-storied, old colonial houses still stand in the midst of a rapidly expanding town. There is evoked a vision of Portuguese merchants and officials with white solar topees, immaculate snow-white suits and shoes emerging from the dark cool of these houses.

African Alamo

This Carmona is in many senses a frontier town. It is the Alamo of Uige and if ever the last stand had to be made, it would take place here. There is a fortress on the hill and a large number of troops are stationed here, going off to the "front," and coming back for short furloughs. It is an undefinable front from which guerrillas are pursued through dense *mata* or forested valleys and hills and beyond which pursuers often become the pursued as they are ambushed, wounded and sometimes killed by skilled marksmen hidden in dense undergrowth. Among the guerrillas may be Antonio Fernandes, a young mulatto trooper who deserted his company after being confined to quarters for five days for having seemed too casual in accepting an officer's orders—a young man of great promise, fathered on a black woman by a white Portuguese and accepted everywhere on fazendas and at social functions. When Antonio won the national "Bisley Shoot" of Portugal, he was presented with a silver-mounted rifle by Salazar himself. With this same rifle he now shoots young officers through the head with great regularity and is, therefore, one of the most wanted men in the district.

Only when these officers and men begin to talk about such experiences is there any indication that the pressure from the north is continual. It is not a pretty war. Complete villages are destroyed mercilessly if it is known that most of the inhabitants are terrorists (guerrillas). Prisoners who do come in are tired, miserable men only too willing to talk in return for a square meal. It may be difficult to convince them that they are not to be drawn and quartered by the Portuguese Intelligence, yet some of the best field guides, patrol leaders and fighting men now come from their ranks. As long as they are not known leaders of the rebels, these men succumb quickly to the pleasures of a well-made cigarette, a meal (often tasted in their presence by the interrogating officer) and several days of imbibing wine. For the guerrilla leader, there is a different fate. If he is dangerous enough he may not be heard of again; otherwise he will be transferred, together with his family, to an isolated education camp in the Moçamedes Desert well to the south. Three men have managed to escape from there; two were recaptured, but the third has not been seen again.

For those guerrillas who have had enough of war and are anxious to return to their families, there is a well-established system of resettlement which has been in operation since early 1963. Taking the experience of Malaya, Kenya and Vietnam to heart, the district governor, now Governor General of Angola, concentrated a number of communities on open hill spurs, palisaded some of them and placed a unit of newly formed rural civil police and well-armed bodies of men in positions nearby.

Houses of wood, mud-plaster adobe and grass thatch were erected in a grid pattern, and as soon as labor was available a church was built at one end of the village. Then followed in quick succession a health center and an elementary school. Within weeks a piped water supply was laid into the village

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square, generally with four faucets and concrete stands. A local *regador* (chief or sub-chief) was elected, or if the community was homogeneous enough, the rightful traditional leader took his accustomed place at the head of his clan.

For Angolan authorities the principal task was not merely the socio-political but also the economic rehabilitation of such concentrated communities. Before the revolt, there had been a coffee-growing cash crop economy, exploited by some Portuguese traders whose low prices for coffee was undoubtedly one of the causes underlying the discontent of 1961. The Governor released considerable areas of land close to each village, for coffee cultivation. Lots varied according to the size of the family, but twenty hectares (fifty acres) registered in the local land office were sufficient to guarantee security of tenure. In addition very large areas of common lands alongside each village were set aside for cassava, peanut and bean cultivation.

Remembering the shortcomings of private trading before the revolt, the Governor set up a marketing system which succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. Markets were held on specified dates three times a year, in each of the eighteen villages. Coffee bags were weighed in full view of the seller, a transaction note recording the total weight of each grower was issued and the grower could collect his money within the hour.

Building Communities

The market rapidly became a vital part of the community, and on a market day most of the neighboring villagers take the day off from the coffee harvest to talk, drink and seek advice. A mobile restaurant kitchen and bar was the first to come, followed by general dry-goods and grocery vans, and finally by the fish van, bringing chilled fish from as far as Lobito, some 450 miles away. Once or twice guerrillas have taken pot-shots at a village market, but such dangers appear to be slight.

Relative price stability for the local growers created a considerable consumer market. The first priority in all the newly established villages was to improve the housing. Before many markets had passed, quarried stone was being brought for foundations, mudbricks strengthened with a 15 per cent cement content were being puddled, shaped and hardened, door and window frames manufactured and aluminum corrugated roofing delivered from Carmona. Masons, roofers and carpenters became part of the village landscape, paid under contract, or by the day, to build houses. It was not long before furniture followed. Many plucked up courage and bought kerosene refrigerators and stoves, propane gas lamps, and any other objects which would make life in the tropics pleasanter.

Many of the older villages are full today. There are few thatch adobe huts; most are brick with aluminum roofing. All have hived off satellite settlements on similar strategically placed sites so that, in all, Uige now has at least four hundred of them. Not all the inhabitants are rehabilitated guerrillas and their families. Most of the recent ones are civilian refugees who fled from both sides during 1961.

Those who fled beyond the Angolan border found themselves having to pay their host, Congo Kinshasa, with half the crops they produced for this privilege. Many families and small groups are still held in bondage by the terrorists—worker ants who must supply food under penalty of torture and death should they show the least sign of discontent. Others who fled to the mountains stayed there for years growing cassava, gathering roots and trapping small game, avoiding trouble and terrorism. These are the people who, in mounting numbers, have been coming down to the valleys to give themselves up to the rural Portuguese police posts. They arrived potbellied and large-eyed, stupefied by fear and the loss of children or aged relatives who died en route. New sophisticated techniques are being used to bring them in. Aircraft drop leaflets with *laissez passer* invitations and instructions. The white paper held in a cleft stick is recognized by patrolling troops as a sign of surrender. One old woman with three of these passes said she had been afraid to take the final step to freedom, so greatly had she been influenced by terrorist propaganda.

Several visits to the Uige area over a period of time confirm an early impression of continued stability in the population. The number of children under twelve years of age must be nearly 40 per cent of the total population. All are well fed; there is no longer any evidence of *kwashiorkor* of helminthic diseases or of endemic malaria. Men and women are well dressed, tidy and clean. There is a general air of "belonging."

Checkbooks for All

Nowhere is this more apparent than in the economic sphere. It is quite obvious that the spending spree is over for most of the earlier settlers. Indeed there is even now an awareness of the power that money carries in any human community which develops through saving. Among the major changes of the past year has been a move toward payment of coffee sales by check, thus eliminating the need for bank notes, silver and copper, and the temptation of having it freely available in a pocket. The second step—depositing the check in a bank account—has become an important status symbol. The Carmona banks, on the morning after a coffee market are inundated by hordes of would-be depositors chattering and laughing to the accompaniment of shocked "hushes" from the bank clerks. Many of these funds are on short or medium call deposit yielding 2.5 to 3 per cent interest.

Checks are also used to pay the thirty cents per kilo tax which rates as deducted income tax. All farmer-de-

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ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

DESCARTES, GUILT AND SHAME

LETTER FROM THE CONTINENT

Once I mentioned —tongue in cheek—to a white archbishop in Africa the possibility that democracy might work on the Dark Continent, whereupon he laughed loudly and said, shaking a menacing finger at me: "You should have left your Cartesian baggage at home!" Being a Frenchman, he implied that cold logic, rationality, common sense, abstractions, inductive and deductive methods were out of place in that part of the world. And not only there. Worse still is the American trait of imputing to others a Cartesian attiture—to Hanoi, for example. The idea that "East is East" rarely enters the American mind because the U.S. has been a successful melting pot.

America's policy in the Far East, especially, is influenced by the assumption that the other side will be "reasonable" and "see the light," that with a bit of clever handling the antagonist can be gently and cleverly induced to arrive at a "commonsense" attitude, to realize what is in his own best interest —in other words, to agree to a sporting fifty-fifty solution. To the Asian, losing face is far more serious than inner sentiments are. This was evident when Japan had to be literally broken by saturation bombing. To accept a draw is not in the Asian tradition even if it seems eminently sensible.

The war in Vietnam, like any *Djihad*, will not end in "peace"; it can only be terminated by a temporary armistice (which settles nothing), by an anti-Communist victory—or a defeat which would mean annihilation for South Vietnam and utter humiliation for the United States. In this context Paris can only become another Munich or, at best, another Panmunjom. And while certain Americans—heaven knows why —feel guilty about the intervention in Vietnam, Hanoi knows that it could existentially not survive the "shame" of a defeat.

Yet we Euramericans (and least of all, perhaps, the French) should not pat ourselves on the back for our "Cartesianism." In a period of unparalleled prosperity, labor-management relations are rapidly declining almost everywhere. The trade unions have formed a state within the state, wielding uncontrolled and arbitrary power to the detriment of the common good, but now an even greater evil has begun to make itself felt: the trade unions' loss of control over the workers. Wildcat strikes have occurred not only in Britain and Italy but also in France. In Italy they were undoubtedly political rather than economic in nature—with the effect that the bourgeois press started to howl for greater trade union power. In the past it was not too difficult to deal in a businesslike way with the Italian Communist-left-socialist trade unions. Marxists, after all, think basically in economic terms. However, Maoist, Trotskyite and New Left ideas have made inroads into the Italian working class and seek to overthrow the Communist Party from the left.

Unfortunately this does not mean that the traditional trade unions try to restrain these bands of political enthusiasts who could paralyze entire factories; they feel that they must compete with them, a desire often shared by the CIGL, the Catholic *sindicato*. Struggling against this ever-growing emergency is a Demo-Christian minority government which must rely on toleration by the increasingly divided socialists and the tiny republican faction.

Thus, what we see in Italy is often reminiscent of the years 1920-1922, with the difference that there is no effective fascist party in sight, that fascism is discredited—and that prosperity is still widespread. The spectacle offered to the serious observer—and this is true not only of Italy—is not of revolt, but rather of disintegration. Series of short warning strikes flare up and die down, followed by one- or two-day strikes of protest and sympathy involving such public services as railroads, mails, street-cleaning, customs and telephones. A country as dependent upon tourists as Italy thus runs special risks, and the strikers might eventually kill the goose that lays their golden egg—Italy's unprecedented prosperity.

Certain non-public forces are at work to counter this downward trend, but they can succeed only under the leadership of the army which failed to do its duty in 1922.

In France the situation is similar, though not identical. The French worker is not badly off by any means, yet relations between management and workers are admittedly not ideal everywhere. Some French industry is obsolete and old-fashioned; some is extremely advanced. French engineering *can* be tops. However, the French vanity is readily exploited by all kinds of ideologies and organizations. Coupled with the typically French thirst for absolutes—remember Anatole France's "only extremes are bearable"—this provides the Celtic-Latin-Germanic nations with a dangerous brew.

Of course, in France, too, the strikes are not only economic in character; they are to an equal degree political. Everybody in France expected a "hot September" after half the country was practically paralyzed in July and August because of vacations. In some cases entire factories shut down. Only now will we get an answer to the Gaullist victory of last spring: the Left—organized or unorganized—is trying to unseat or, at least, gravely unsettle the victorious party through extra-parliamentary means. The economic recovery of France is in jeopardy. And so is the entire democratic order. De Gaulle's departure has created a greater unity in the army—important under the present circumstances. If—in France no less than in Italy—things go too far, the reaction could indeed be harsh. □

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DELECTATIONS

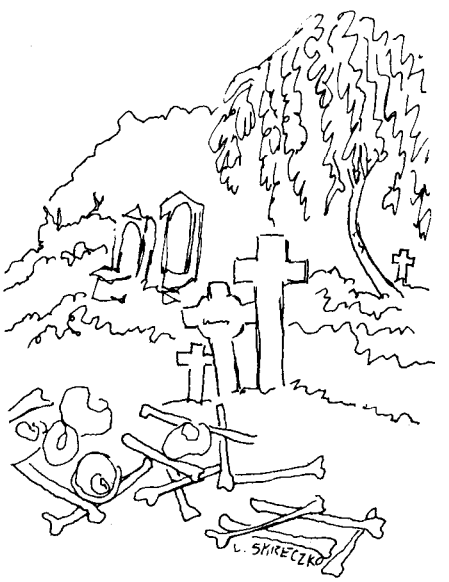
Old Castile

F. REID BUCKLEY

A RUINS on a high knoll: stones and tombstones, and a litter of decayed skulls and bleached femurs and salt-pitted pelvic bones from graves so ancient their occupants were forgotten a thousand years ago. To the north, visible, white-maned, the warlocks of the Cantabrian brood on every tide, the tempests they hatch sudden and much feared. They have their rivals. Fifty leagues to the south, high over foothills, hangs a forbidding rampart, the bare granite Peaks of Europe. These are a westerly prolongation of the Pyrenees, and their most spectacular crags, a collision of cliffs and gorges, a geological cataclysm of narrow deep canyons. Here, in the heart of Old Castile, Spain held out, breeding a proud curmudgeonly race of warriors—*hidalgos*—who wrested the land back from Islam. In those fortress depths terrestrial storms are engendered, erupting over the rampart and rumbling northward to the sea, where, meanwhile, an opposing gale may have been generated. When such are the conditions, the two storms clash above the ruins in an ear-splitting rage of wind, thunder and lightning.

Eerie against this backdrop—spread wings streaming behind; white marble torso wraithlike leaning forward from its dark parapet—an angel keeps watch. The cemetery is still in use. The church is an abandoned heap of boulders and rubble. Its walls have crumbled under the weight of weather. Whole sections have been raided. My family and I summer in a converted stable called the Casa Santa. We discovered why after chipping the stucco off. What emerged were magnificently masoned blocks of fieldstone caulked here and there by bricks. Defiance laid these foundations.

I WON'T TELL you how to get to Comillas. Hope you never come. A clutch of brightly painted smacks rolls listlessly in the harbor. The yield is exiguous. Their owners lack ambition. Farmers work scant acres primitively. "What o'clock?" Resting on the handle of his two-tined wooden pitchfork, he stares at you. He may not reply, staring after you when you have walked on. We don't mind. Not even Ireland can boast of greener land, nor New England of more rugged. The scape here is a tumble of nearly perpendicular slopes, stepped plateaus, and pocket valleys resolved in a chain of ocean-fronting bluffs between which glisten beaches of the finest white mica. The land is green because it rains frequently. Because it rains frequently tourists are discouraged. On weekdays during the summer those beaches—as many as three miles long and at low



tide as much as a quarter of a mile wide—are often empty of everyone but ourselves.

I gallop my Spanish gray along the surf, fair weather or foul. Stripping him of saddle and bridle, I swim. Then, whistling him in and tacking up, we head back together, fording the long lagoons and careful to avoid the quicksand in which once we were caught. We climb. Gorse and heather hug the windward promontories, which are cropped by mountain cattle, russet or doe-gray. Oxen haul sledges in ponderous rhythm. Corn is shocked, not razed. The grass is still largely mown by hand; and there can be nothing to compare with the scent of its sap when scythed, uncontaminated by the fumes of gas or diesel oil. There can be nothing to compare, adds my wife, with the reek of the compost heaps either, from which flies by the million swarm. Ah, well. Every farmstead has its high croft of hay, built around a pole and shaped like a gigantic beehive. Provender is cut from the croft in slices so smooth one imagines them to consist of cheese. Milk is delivered to us by Manolo, an enormously fat man who seems to belong to his cart like some sort of growth, whom I've never seen out of the cart, legs—if any—hidden by the sideboards over which his great stomach bulges. I rise with the dawn, boil coffee, and glance hopefully out toward the Peaks, pink and chalky on rare mornings, their caps a dazzle of perpetual snow. Will the weather hold? I get to work. Presently I hear the soft, hollow clop of unshod hooves, the slap of traces, and the tinkle of harness bells. It's Manolo. *Niiii-nya! Niiii-nya!* Polo, our cook, is still asleep. I go out to accept the pails. No native—hailing from Córdoba, as does Polo—Manolo often brings gifts: apples, plums, figs and blackberries. His farmhouse is a sixteenth-century mansion with Romanesque arches and walls from which hang two huge escutcheons. I'm not back at work before the baker's wife arrives in her cart; by which time Polo is aroused, and by which time bad weather may be in the making, blotting out the now gray-white rampart of the Peaks and within an hour dropping a thick fog over the eucalyptus woods.

GOOD WEATHER can hold. It can break through in a burst of gold. Then the fruit-burdening orchards seem to puff with sweetness, crystal drops rolling off the skin. There was never such grass; never such mint-new radiance on the earth nor clarity of blue in the sky. The sand heats. Long combers pound in, powerful enough for belly-boarding and even surfboards.

About that cemetery on the knoll. Three hundred years ago, the village clustered near it. Every other citizen was an *hidalgo*. But the people were poor and resentful. Their station had been usurped—as they conceived it—by the Johnny-come-lately Habsburgian and Bourbon nobles. One, the Duke of Infantado, owned many farms in the area; and in the church there was re-

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Marcuse: The Gospel of Hate

Essay on Liberation
By Herbert Marcuse
Beacon, $5.95; paper, $1.95

JOHN SPARROW

Herbert Marcuse is an elderly Professor of Political Thought at San Diego who hates American society as it is organized today and believes that the time is at hand when an entirely new kind of community can be substituted for it. He would like to overthrow the governmental institutions and industrial machinery of the United States, to destroy the whole apparatus of the existing acquisitive and "exploitative" society, and to liquidate the authorities who control that apparatus. Marcuse's chosen agents in effectuating this purpose, the shock troops of the social revolution, are young "militants," most of them colored people and students, and it is to them that he formally dedicates *An Essay on Liberation*, four short chapters in which he sets out the essentials of his creed.

Certainly there is much to criticize in the mechanized and materialistic America of today; its extremes of wealth and poverty; the ignorance and prejudice that permeate its power-structure; and, above all, the widespread vulgarity of its ideals and style of life. And Marcuse has grasped a truth that is of capital importance for anyone who wants to change all this: the familiar incentives—higher wages, shorter hours, generally improved conditions of life—will no longer induce the proletariat to revolt, since the productive efficiency of "corporate capitalism" has so enriched and (Marcuse would say) corrupted the workers that they have become integrated with, and reconciled to, the system that he wants them to help him to destroy.

What, then, does Marcuse propose to do about it? Reform by means of constitutional methods is no longer possible: the authorities have an automatic, built-in majority. As for a full-scale sanguinary revolution, he would not shrink from that; but he recognizes that it would be very difficult today, at any rate in the United States, to organize a revolution successfully; the forces of capitalism are too strongly entrenched. What he recommends, therefore, is a perpetual guerrilla warfare against the powers that be in every department of the national life, a persistent campaign intended to erode the foundations of American culture, so that its structure will disintegrate or become top-heavy and collapse. The whole system is in his opinion a sham: "freedom" and "democracy," "law" and "order," "decency" and "art," have become for him "dirty" words; the things they stand for in America today are all of them subjected to his vitriolic attack. All methods of carrying on warfare against them are legitimate, violent and nonviolent alike.

Marcuse calls upon his young "nonconformist" followers to effect a "methodical desublimation of traditional culture" by means of "counterviolence," "direct action," and "uncivil disobedience" in every sphere of life. This social sabotage is to be directed "against the beautiful in [the established] culture, against its all too sublimated, segregated, orderly, harmonizing forms." So he is all in favor of antiart (pending the complete abolition of art by its absorption into life), together with "black magic (and its avant-gardistic white equivalent)," and he approves of drug-taking—the "trip," he says, "involves the dissolution of the ego shaped by the established society"—and of the atmosphere in which, as he puts it, "the hatred of the young bursts into laughter and song, mixing the barricade and the dance-floor, love play and heroism" (so the text: perhaps a misprint for "heroin"?). He recommends "the methodical use of obscenities," as practiced by "black and white radicals," in order to effect "a methodical subversion of the linguistic universe of the Establishment"; President X and Governor Y, he says, should be called "pig X" and "pig Y" and addressed as "mother------," because they are "men who have perpetrated the unspeakable Oedipal crime." He approves not only of dirty language, but of dirty bodies, welcoming what he calls "the erotic belligerency in the songs of protest, the sensuousness of long hair, of the body unsoiled by plastic cleanliness."

ONE RECOGNIZES that this program of action ministers to a deep, subliminal "urge" on the part of Marcuse and those who feel as he does; but one can't help wondering what positive end they hope to achieve by putting it into practice, beyond the satisfaction of their own vindictiveness. What alternative to the existing system have they to offer? "A free society" is Marcuse's answer. But what is a free society, and how is it to be established? These are vital questions; but anyone who searches this *Essay* for a satisfactory—or even an intelligible—answer to them will search in vain: whenever the Professor comes within a mile of them he emits a smokescreen of semiphilosophical, semipsychological jargon. This is the nearest he can get to a definition of a "free society":

> The advent of a free society would be characterized by the fact that the growth of well-being turns into an essentially new quality of life. This qualitative change must occur in the needs, in the infrastructure of man (itself a dimension of the infrastructure of society). . . . Such a change would constitute the instinctual basis for freedom

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which the long history of class society has blocked. Freedom would become the environment of an organism which is no longer capable of adapting to the competitive performances required for well-being under domination.

On the principle, presumably, of *obscurum per obscurius*, Marcuse goes on to explain that "the rebellion would have taken root in the very nature, the 'biology' of the individual; and on these new grounds, the rebels would redefine the objectives and the strategy of the political struggle, in which alone the concrete goals of liberation can be determined."

In his first chapter Marcuse describes the "biological transformation" that provides the necessary foundations for his "new society":

> The construction of such a society. . . presupposes a type of man with a different sensitivity as well as consciousness: men who would speak a different language, have different gestures, follow different impulses. . . . The imagination of such men and women would fashion their reason and tend to make the process of production a process of creation. This is the utopian concept of socialism which envisages the ingression of freedom into the realm of necessity, and the union between causality by necessity and causality by freedom.

This "utopian" concept of a change in human nature, he says, can be realized here and now; in his second chapter, "The New Sensibility," he gets down to brass tacks, or as near brass tacks as he is capable of getting, and tells us how it will be effected:

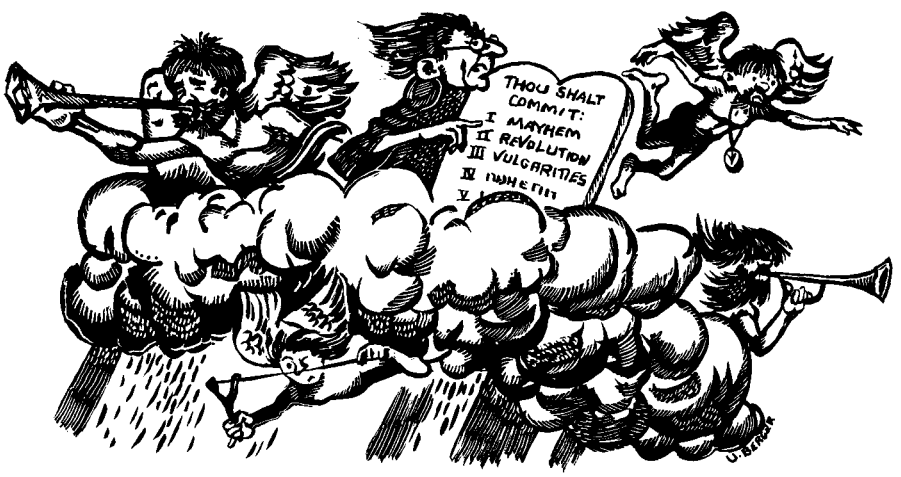
> Technique. . . assuming the features of art, would translate subjective sensibility of men and women who do not have to be ashamed of themselves any more because they have overcome the sense of guilt. . . who are physiologically and psychologically able to experience things, and each other, outside the context of violence and exploitation. The new sensibility has become, by this very token, *praxis*.

Let us assume that all this makes sense, that Marcuse's "biological transformation" has taken place, and that his "free society" has replaced the "exploitative society" of today. How will that society work? Will there be laws —and who will enforce them? Will there be motorcars — and who will make them? Will there be a monetary system, and wages? How will the hospitals be kept going? Will this "free society" be international? If not, how will the "free" nation maintain itself against its "exploitative" rivals?

To such questions Professor Marcuse simply has no answer, and he admits it:

> What kind of life? . . . The demand is meaningless if it asks for a blueprint of the specific institutions and relationships which would be those of this new society: they cannot be determined a priori; they will develop, in trial and error, as the new society develops. . . . The possibilities of the new society are sufficiently "abstract" i.e., removed from and incongruous with the established universe to defy any attempt to identify them in the terms of this universe.

All this, of course, is sheer evangelism. Professor Marcuse's "biological transformation" is simply the regeneration of man, his "free society" is no more and no less than the Kingdom of Heaven, his gospel is the gospel of the early Christian millennarian. True the early Christians did manage to transform the Roman Empire from within, but what chance of a similar success would Christianity have if someone tried to start it up again today? Mankind was successfully inoculated with that serum nearly two thousand years ago, and Western industrial civilization today has tougher defenses than the empire of Severus.



Marcuse, plainly, is what Yeats called "an old bellows full of angry wind"; but it would be wrong to suppose that his practical importance is proportionate to the intrinsic value of his ideas; he might yet blow widespread embers into flame. He is an idol and an oracle for youthful rebels all over the world; his millennarian gospel makes a natural appeal to adolescent idealists; his polysyllabic philosophizing is calculated to impress the intellectually immature; his hatreds coincide with the hatreds of the student Left. Not only that: in England he has been adopted by people who should (and perhaps really do) see through him; *New Society*, for instance, says of his philosophy that "its importance for the development of sociology . . . is difficult to underrate"—a left-handed (New Left-handed?) compliment, it is true, but still, I suppose, a compliment—while the Educational Supplement of the *London Times* finds that "what is impressive about Marcuse's writing is not simply its depth, but also its compassion and virtuosity."

Virtuosity! I should have thought it impossible to praise Professor Marcuse's prose style except in jest; and as for compassion, perhaps the most remarkable feature of his book is the inhumanity that permeates it; the malevolence with which the author assails his enemies is so indiscriminate and so extreme as to seem at times insincere and mechanical; even his approval of the young rebels is not tinged by human feeling; he evidently thinks about people in categories. There is something Germanic about this, as there is about Marcuse's lack of humor and his pretentious abstractions. Germanic, too, is the note of sentiment on which the last essay closes, where the Professor tries to touch our hearts by quoting from a "young black girl." Unfortunately the young black girl—whose existence one may be permitted to doubt—turns out to be no more worth listening to than the old white man.

All in all this is, I think, the nastiest book that I have ever read. □

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The Dead Sea Scrolls 1947-1969
By Edmund Wilson
Oxford, $6.50

ARCHAEOLOGY IN THEOLOGICAL DEBATE

JACOB NEUSNER

Edmund Wilson's account of the so-called Dead Sea Scrolls, of which this is a revised and expanded version, is justly famed for its elegance, clarity, color and excitement. I know no more felicitous popular account. Indeed, to Mr. Wilson belongs the greater part of the credit for the popularization of the Scrolls. Without him, who can imagine the Scrolls' provoking an equivalent sensation?

The first part of this volume is his "Scrolls from the Dead Sea," the now classic story told by the old master about how the Scrolls came to light in the flare of battle, how in cloak and dagger secrecy Israeli scholars managed to purchase some of the more important documents, and what the Scrolls reveal. In the second part, the author discusses manuscripts discovered or published after 1955. His own earlier work becomes a central part of the story.

Mr. Wilson devotes considerable attention to the reception of his book and to debates surrounding it, in particular, and to the interpretation of the Scrolls in general. He then describes the Genesis Apocryphon, an Aramaic version of Genesis, greatly augmented with stories about the geography of Abraham's wanderings and other efforts to fill in gaps in the biblical narrative. Then come descriptions of other new items. The dig at Masada, where the last stand of the Zealots took place, became a kind of celebration of Israeli nationhood. Wilson's account is, as usual, not merely an essay but a story, exciting, vivid, evocative.

The third and last part begins with the eve of the 1967 war, followed by brief vignettes of Jordanian Jerusalem, conversations with Israeli scholars on the Scrolls, and Wilson's departure from the country. At the end comes the story of the Israeli conquest of Old Jerusalem and some general reflections.

If Wilson's contribution were merely to popular science—in the Russian sense, the popularization of scholarly knowledge—the book would be a literary treasure. But what makes it all the more significant is Wilson's assessment of his own contribution. He describes himself as "an inveterate myth-shrinker," and then states, "In my writings on the Dead Sea Scrolls I have performed a somewhat similar function for the myth of the origins of Christianity." His theological reflections at the end leave no doubt that this reading of the Scrolls, like that of churchmen, reflects a profound prior assessment of religion, of Christianity, of Jesus. Jesus he sees as part of a pre-existing messianic tradition, "The role of a Jewish Messiah had been sedulously built up in advance and . . . Jesus may well have been assigned and have allowed himself to be assigned to it." This process he compares to the history of Joseph Smith and the founding of the Church of the Latter Day Saints.

Let there be no doubt about it: the Scrolls attract attention not because of their intrinsic historical interest alone, but because of their convenience as an arena for contemporary religious discussion. They set the stage for theological debate, at the same time obscuring the theological issue. The debate is carried on with dictionaries and magnifying glasses, over variant readings and archaeological artifacts. But the issue is the origin and significance of early Christianity, the value of the traditional Hebrew text of the Old Testament, the nature and meaning of Jesus.

In the first century, the issue was simply put, "Who is it that you say I am?" In the twentieth century, it is not sufficient to argue from doctrine, proof texts and logic. Now we need to debate in positive historical terms, so historical scholars, avoiding recognition of their own deeply held convictions—or denying that they have convictions at all—fight about "facts." They no longer call the foe a heretic. Today it is enough to say he is ignorant.

HAD THE Scrolls been found in the fourteenth century, they probably would have been ignored. Why is it that today they arouse such interest? If, after all, you are interested in early Christianity, more important discoveries at Chenoboskian, in Egypt, are awaiting popular interest. There, a whole library of early Christian Gnosticism was found in 1945. Much of it has yet to be published. By contrast, Scrolls-scholars complain if a leaf or two is not in print in three years after discovery. Chenoboskian and Qumran—the one really sensationally important yet ignored, the other important and a

RANDOM NOTES

■ AHA! Remember the Great Books-cum-"Syntopicon"? The feather-merchants at Britannica are at it again. Now it's *The Annals of America*, twenty lavish volumes containing 2,202 original American writings and documents, plus the "Conspectus," edited by Mortimer Adler and Charles Van Doren, which organizes everything under "25 great issues in American life." All for $164.50.

■ COOKBOOKS: There having been a song, a book, a movie (and a chain of restaurants is in the offing), there simply had to be an *Alice's Restaurant Cookbook* with pictures and drawings, and actual spice samples and a recorded introduction by Arlo Guthrie bound in, and who knows, maybe even recipes (Random House, $4.95). . . . Florence Hirschfeld's *Countdown Cookbook* purportedly enables one to have everything ready at the same time (Houghton, $6.95). . . . Cooking at the table is in, in *Fondue Magic* by Anita Prichard (Hearthside, $4.95); *Fondue, Chafing Dish and Casserole Cookery* by Margaret Deeds Murphy (Hawthorn, $5.95); *The Fondue Cookbook* by Beth Merriman (Grosset, $3.95) or you can be unchic with *The Quick and Easy Electric Skillet Cookbook* by Ceil Dyer (Hawthorn, $5.95).

Bob Jeffries (*The Soul Food Cookbook*, Bobbs-Merrill, $5.95), meet the Quaker Oats Company (*Morning to Midnight Cookbook: Unexpected Treats from Aunt Jemima*, Follett, $2.95). . . . Nika Hazelton (*Eggs!*, Simon & Schuster, $2.95), meet Nika Hazelton (*The Picnic Book*, Atheneum, $12.50). . . . *Classics in the Kitchen* by Jean Aaberg and Judith Bolduc contains the likes of "Dinner at the Rostoffs" from *War and Peace* (Price/Stern/Sloan, $2.50). . . . Old recipes are modernized in Beatrice Vaughan's *Real Old-Time Yankee Apple Cooking* and *Real Old-Time Yankee Maple Cooking* (Stephen Greene, $1 each). . . . Marilyn Peppiatt's *And Hot Dogs for the Kids* shows how to put children to work cooking gourmet meals for their elders (Grossett, $1.95).

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sensation—require explanation, and, as I said, you had better look for the explanation in the twentieth, not in the first, century.

A. Leo Oppenheim of the University of Chicago gives us a sound perspective. Writing on the reason Western men took an interest in digging up ancient civilizations, he says, "At the end of the eighteenth century, Europe . . . had reached a convenient plateau. . . . In that precarious interlude of collection and relaxation, Western man could suddenly perceive himself, his own civilization and the civilizations around him. In fact, Western man became then and there, and for the first time, willing and able to appreciate and to evaluate with objectivity his own civilization, to correlate other civilizations, and to strive for an understanding of some over-all design and plan."

Much as it tells us about early Judaism and early Christianity, the history of the Dead Sea Scrolls tells us even more about our own times. That is precisely why Edmund Wilson's contribution is so precious. He has not hesitated to recognize himself within the scholarly task and to articulate motives, personalities and issues not normally thought to be part of the scholarly enterprise. He shows us that supposedly neutral scholarship is an aspect of modern culture. Its values cannot be abstracted from the world. Whatever its period or subject, it constitutes an illuminating datum of contemporary civilization. And so do scholars. □

Sport: A Philosophic Inquiry
By Paul Weiss
Southern Illinois, $7.50

THE ATHLETE AND THE PHILOSOPHER

JOHN C. SMITH

"Violent action is a function of animal spirits. It exhibits brawn and muscle explosively. The violent man hacks, but a controlled man seeks the joints. The violent man keeps pressing, while the controlled one shifts his position again and again, and even at times retreats in order to better advance. Controlled action exhibits strength in subtle ways, allowing one to take advantage of whatever openings and weaknesses there

may be, and of whatever opportunities the unfolding of events provides."

Exactly. Joe Namath, frustrating the Colts, Willie Keeler and Ted Williams and Reggie Jackson, hitting 'em where they ain't, sometimes out of the park. Muhammad Ali, his fists and his homilies. But how does Paul Weiss, Sterling Professor of Philosophy at Yale, get involved?

Books on sports have tended toward ghostwritten heroic biography, in which nobody sweats or makes mistakes, how-to-do, and picture galleries. Jim Brosnan, Jerry Kramer and George Plimpton compiled the barracks humor of the janissaries. Mark Harris and Bernard Malamud used sport as a background for more serious statements, a tack being followed in fiction and on the stage today, most notably with *The Great White Hope*, which won a Pulitzer. But what does it all mean?

Dr. Weiss, concerned with meaning, notes that philosophers from the days of the Greeks poked into and prodded the spirit, and neglected man's earthier activities—his sex life, his work, his play. Applying the philosophic method to sport, he says there is something in all of us that strives for excellence, and dares sacrifice, defeat and humiliation. For sport is tragedy in that one wins and another loses, although both have strained equally toward the limits of their potential. Character building is an old wheeze in sporting circles. It's even disappeared from the rituals of sports reporting. Yet character building is the proper use of sport in the academy, according to Dr. Weiss. The colleges have no business turning out technicians for the traveling professional road shows, nor is it the duty of the university to advance the ego trips of middle-aged alumni by fielding the best football team money can buy.

Rather, sport can give an avenue of expression to younger men, an expression largely missing in society. Says Dr. Weiss: "Those who are young cannot do much to maintain or contribute to culture; they are not experienced or developed enough to see or do things in the whole." And again: "Rarely can one credit [the young] with more than a few skills, a little vision, episodic intelligence and occasional good judgment." SDS, take notice. It might be noted that the jocks have generally been enemies of college turmoil, sometimes quite actively so, and have been targets of leftist derision. Perhaps it's because the athlete deals with reality, while the activist is maddened with abstraction.

MOST SCHOOL ATHLETES come nowhere near professional careers, though sports have meant a way out of the slums for some fortunate youths, willing to undergo rigorous discipline and possible heartbreak. These "pampered serfs," Dr. Weiss says, are less than Renaissance men, overspecializing themselves. He sees them ". . . not really better athletes. They are only better players. Where once they competed as amateurs, keyed to the effort to be and perform excellently, they now seek only to perform as craftsmen. There is nothing disgraceful in this, any more than there is in the efforts of seamen or salesmen. The work they do is desirable, wanted and reputable, but it is work as a means. The amateur is occupied with an end."

But the amateur has a hard time of it. Observers of the International Olympic Committee and other regulatory agencies find here enough to keep the juices gently jangling. The rules governing who is an amateur and who is not are ". . . not only arbitrary, unfair and ill-conceived, but they are unenforceable." Here, Dr. Weiss is devastating, though now it's the pro—older, more temperamental and operating in a permissive society desperately seeking heroes—who dominates the headlines with tales of off-the-field entrepreneurship. A cynic might sense less than total dedication to the craft, whether it's throwing a football, running with one, or, so it seems, striking out. →

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The question of financial and emotional proolems of athletes—keeping them in the public eye for the wrong reasons—is one in a field where much is spoken, much is written, and very little said. Dr. Weiss has made a clear place in the fog, good-natured as that mist is much of the time. □

MEN AND IDEAS

THE NEW LEFT ON THE NEW DEAL

DAVID BRUDNOY

New Leftist historians of the New Deal have created a small arsenal of books embodying their particular stance. Untiring Boston University radical (pro-SNCC, pro-Hanoi) Professor Howard Zinn's introduction to a readings-book (*New Deal Thought*, Bobbs-Merrill, $8.50) set the tone in 1966: FDR is berated for not doing in the Thirties what "needs" being done now (i.e., radicalizing America). Wisconsin Professor Paul Conkin's 1967 *FDR and the Origins of the Welfare State* (in paper: *The New Deal*, Crowell, $1.95), sneering at the "Victorian virtues [of] duty, honesty and fair play," posits and punctures a Roosevelt lacking the "ability to bring unity or rational order to his own actions or to governmental programs . . . forced to whitewash chaotic policies with moral rhetoric or to silence apt criticism by partisan cheers."

Last year, Stanford Professor Barton Bernstein anthologized *Towards a New Past: Dissenting Essays in American History* (Pantheon, $6.95), including his own "New Deal: The Conservative Achievements of Liberal Reform," which suggests a Machiavellian Roosevelt responding to Townsend-Sinclair-Long-Thomas-Coughlin and Co. by grudgingly ladling out "humane programs, [too narrow in] goals and wary of bold economic reform," too much a "doctrinaire of the center" to keep his movement from "run[ning] out of fuel . . . because it ran out of ideas," too "faltering and shallow" in his reforms to bring other than "unfortunate . . . results." We eagerly await more entries in the New Left Shaft Roosevelt Sweepstakes.

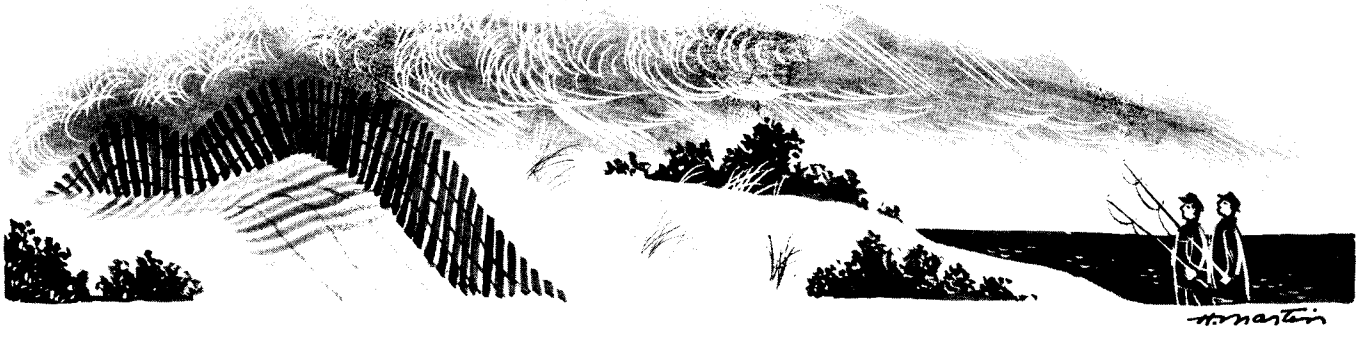
The New Leftists create a sinister New Deal merely bolstering an old, hopeless system through an LBJ-like "concert of organized interests . . . a politics of the broker state" (Bernstein), working within an America wherein the "major motive force behind capitalist growth" was "the acquisitive egoistic desire for private accumulation" (Conkin). Their hearts bleed (Conkin's hardbound edition includes a photo portfolio of "Depression America") for a nation which wanted bold reform and got *only* a welfare state ("the complete antithesis of socialism," says Conkin). Keynesian recovery schemes "left private interests shaken but more secure than ever" (Conkin), abetted by a "cautious and limited capitalism . . . a narrow experimentalism . . . a failure to nationalize the banks" (Bernstein).

CONKIN'S TRACT at spots sounds "conservative"; one hears echoes of Edgar Robinson (*The Roosevelt Leadership*, 1955), a scholarly wilderness voice roasting Roosevelt—or even of Raymond Moley (*After Seven Years*, 1939): FDR, who "did not have the substance, the wisdom, for great leadership," Conkin judges, swept aside Hoover, "the most tragic figure in America in 1933." At times, Conkin parrots revolutionist puritans: "Music, painting . . . theater, usually frivolous sideshows of the wealthy," snuck in via WPA (an exceptionally "daring" New Deal program). Calling the kettle black, Conkin pot-shoots Robinson's "terribly one-sided . . . views, weakened by his own resort to simplistic clichés." FDR's accomplished reforms were "inevitable," those undone are *lacunae*, "lamentable." As confused as his ideology, Conkin's minibook has something for everyone.

Zinn's collection of familiar documents is hardly worth $8.50 for his predictable introduction, but Bernstein's collection contains several excellent dissenting essays (on other topics) by scholars, of which his own is not one. Nonetheless, New Left anti-New Deal historiography is off and hobbling. James Burns' *Roosevelt, the Lion and the Fox* took a somewhat similar stance in 1956, but his progeny today implicitly deny their paternity and pompously envision themselves as red-hot "revisionists."

Currently, a liberal critique like Brandeis Professor Jerold Auerbach's "New Deal, Old Deal, or Raw Deal" (*Journal of Southern History*, February 1969) deftly annihilates the "occasionally illogical and consistently a-historical" Conkin, Bernstein and Zinn. Auerbach dissects their "whipsaw" tactic of damning the New Deal both for what it did and did not do, and he calmly labels their critique "sterile . . . because New Left critics have applied irrelevant standards and a protean vocabulary to reach a priori conclusions." Auerbach quotes a fourth New Left historian, Brad Wiley, who astoundingly sees FDR's welfare state responding to an overly exaggerated depression: hence, an "ideological tool in the baggage of modern capitalism." Wonderland's Red Queen never had it so good; were they to team up with Ayn Rand (*Capitalism, the Unknown Ideal*, 1967) these New Leftists could offer an economy package.

THE CONSERVATIVE might find the New Leftists' analyses helpful in pinpointing some New Deal liberal errors, and he might use Auerbach's liberal critique as fodder against New Leftist parochialism. At bottom, though, Auerbach is an apologist for the New Deal. Where Conkin conjures up an "almost unbearably conventional Roosevelt" whose



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only "unalloyed success" was to give "hope in times of trouble," Auerbach and his predecessors praise a New Deal which *did* help Negroes, *did* offer a radical change restoring the faltering equilibrium, essentially saving America through the welfare state. The New Deal, which "innovated so successfully 35 years ago," is not the proper target of criticism, writes Auerbach, but rather the "men in public life today . . . imprisoned by New Deal categories and solutions."

Hubert Humphrey gushingly enthusiastic for the Age of Roosevelt, Lyndon Johnson rip-snortin' into Congress as Roosevelt's boy (and not stoppin' since), the Warren Court *making* our laws, hydraheaded Uncle Sam driving us into a (muted) frenzy—all this derives from the impetus of the New Deal, which should neither—despite Auerbach's warning against the presentist fallacy—be let off the hook for today's mess, nor be indicted for any supposed flabby, "timid reform," *à la* Conkin et al.

The New Leftists lay out their faulty premise—*Roosevelt the conservative*—and draw therefrom conclusions which "logically" follow. The liberals (e.g. Professors Freidel, Leuchtenburg and Schlesinger Jr.) more craftily suggest their (likewise fanciful) premise—*Roosevelt the innovator as conservator*—and hand us today's America as proof-positive. It doesn't hold water.

The Thirties brought out the Yale Club cartoon figure collecting his buddies to go down to the Trans-Lux to hiss "that man." The ottontottist right-wing Maistreians (counterparts of today's Jacobin New Left-wingers), with *their* whipsaw, damned everything FDR did, not as too little, but as too much, and saw everything not done as in need of being done by a better man, maybe Herbert Hoover (as today perhaps for the Left, by that other Herbert, Marcuse). They portrayed a monster chanting to Eleanor: "You love the niggers/ I'll love the Jews/ and we'll stay in the White House/ As long as we choose." That approach is (thankfully) discredited today; Roosevelt bumbled, he didn't deviously plot America's ruin.

Yet the fruits of the New Deal, at best dreary, at worst dreadful, condition modern life: compulsory Social Security, compulsory unionism, "tax-spend-get elected," etc. Leftover New Dealers of today are accurately seen by genuine civil libertarians (and by Negro militants!) as despicable, flaccid "friends" at best. What New Dealers did (e.g., *re* the Japanese-Americans, and Jewish victims of Hitler—"While Six Million Died"—) and what their heirs today do (e.g. *re* the Negroes) is to make inoperable those "Victorian" values of traditional conservatism which Conkin derides. And there—not in a failure to radicalize America—is where the New Deal failed and where modern liberalism continues to err. It is time for a New Conservative assault on New Deal, Old Left and New Left alike. □

RECORDS

Brahms: Sonata in E minor, Op. 38; and Sonata in F major, Op. 99 (Jacqueline du Pré, cellist; Daniel Barenboim, pianist).
Angel stereo, S-36554

Haydn: Cello Concerto in D; and Monn, Cello Concerto in F minor (Jacqueline du Pré, cellist; Sir John Barbirolli and the London Symphony).
Angel stereo, S-36580

MUSIC AND MORTALITY

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Ars longa; vita brevis. Anyone who has ever struggled with the unforgiving rigidities of a musical instrument must know, deep in his soul, what that old maxim means. Hence the wonder that always greets the youngster who has arrived at perfection. Jacqueline du Pré has been hailed around the world as a completely finished artist since she was twenty. Her husband, Daniel Barenboim, has been at the top of three departments of music since he was all of twenty-two: a dazzling pianist, perfect ensemble player, orchestral conductor. One American critic, perhaps referring to her noble stature and bright beautiful face, long blonde hair and gracious arms, called Jacqueline "divine." Her husband's powerful and dangerous handsomeness does not carry so far into the concert hall, but his music-making is enough to intimidate the brave. For these two youngsters it would seem that art is short, life long.

Indeed, another critic, having properly identified Jacqueline as one of the best instrumentalists of all time, wonders out loud just what she could possibly look forward to in the long years that now stand before her. His thought was that her art is complete, his anxiety was lest she die of boredom, like Paganini.

Jacqueline is getting on now—she is 24, and has recorded a half-dozen LPs. The two recent releases under review here bring up the question quite naturally. With her husband, in the Brahms, she turns out a spectacular flood of sound, imitating the panoply of stringed instruments almost at caprice. Guitar, banjo, violin, doublebass—all these her cello turns itself into, under her executive prowess. The ensemble playing is perfect. You could listen forever, and forever you would marvel.

And yet. Something missing. Hard to put a finger on it. They play, she plays, that's it, like people who really believe that they will always be young, handsome, famous, inspired, wealthy, happy and joyous. They really believe that they will be doing exactly the same things in exactly the same way for the next sixty years. There is a certain arrogance—I hasten to add that it must be an unconscious arrogance—in this feeling that one's idea of the moment is one's final and perfected vision. People change and grow: and if they are musicians then their music changes with them. Jacqueline and Daniel make music as if they had not had much experience of birth and death, human ugliness, war and catastrophe, plague and sickness and pain. For all their technical sophistication, theirs is the lovely music-making of the mindless sparrow, contemporaneous and contiguous with human life, but hardly grounded in the human condition. Contrast Rubinstein.

WHEN these two geniuses have had more experience of life, when they have had a chance to learn how brutish and disappointing their friends can be, how ill the flesh, then they will listen with more grateful ears to the benison of tone. Perhaps this is what Saint-Saens meant when he said that a man who doesn't appreciate a simple harmonic sequence doesn't know music. There are places in these performances (especially in the Brahms F major) where the performer can simply permit the tones to breathe, and the effect will be supreme. One gets the impression that these two somehow don't quite *trust*

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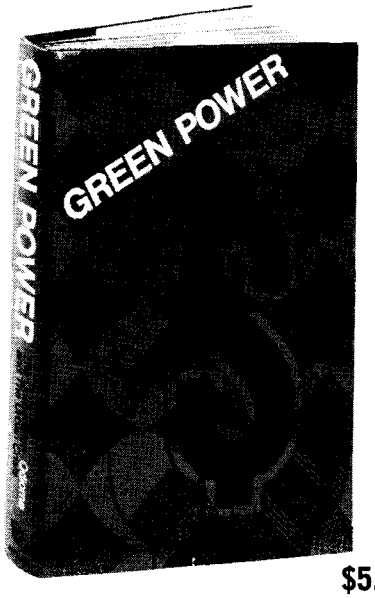
THE CORPORATION AND THE URBAN CRISIS



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by GEORGE ODIORNE

Author of MANAGEMENT BY OBJECTIVES

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music to be the special grace it is. They must always be enhancing it with their undeniable genius. They are simply young, gorgeously young, self-centeredly young, too young to be humble before the great donations the Lord has showered upon us all undeserving.

WELL, it is no crime to be young, is it? Nor is it a crime to sing, in our old age. One knows what Horace meant when he begged the gods that he be not tuneless in his age. Time passes and if we are lucky we grow in wisdom and love. Rosina Lhevinne at the age of eighty took a Chopin piano concerto at half-speed in public performance and drew gasps of admiration from a knowledgeable audience. Listen to the last recordings of Schnabel (doing the simple Schubert pieces). Perhaps the ecstasy which is music depends upon our finding the shadow of the grave. Youngsters and sparrows are under the delusion that they shall sing forever. The wise old fellows stare into the void and come back singing anyway. Perhaps only the bruised and battered soul, a wink from death, can give proper votive thanks to the transcendent solace of song.

So to you, Jacqueline and Daniel, greetings and awe. And may the good Lord grant you long life! □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MAN'S CONCERN WITH DEATH, *by Arnold Toynbee and others (McGraw-Hill, $7.95).* Very well, Professor Toynbee has edited a book, and (for that matter) contributed chapters which make up about a third of its length. It is ungracious in me to cavil at this use of his time and genius, but I would gladly trade his entire contribution here for one short essay in the manner of his work on Hannibal's legacy. To be sure, he makes some interesting points (with his ability and encyclopedic knowledge, he could scarcely fail to do so), but the book itself is a hodge-podge, and the editorial control (his apparently) has not, to say the least, been very firm. On the other hand, Dr. A. Keith Mant has an interesting brief chapter on "The Medical Definition of Death"; Miss Rosalind Heywood of the Society for Psychical Research, two longer and also interesting chapters on the frontiers of death; and Professor Ninian Smart, a number of short contributions on religious attitudes toward death, one of which in particular ("Some Inadequacies of Recent Christian Thought about Death") deserves attention. For that matter, the essays of the other contributors are not without merit. But if one must read the book, it should be taken in small doses—the smaller, I fear, the better—if only to prevent the too-rapid onset of death's cousin, sleep.

J. C. LOBDELL

MONETARY V. FISCAL POLICY, *by Milton Friedman and Walter W. Heller (Norton, $3.95).* This short book is the printed record of last November's public debate between two of the country's most prominent economists. It is a highly helpful, non-technical sketch of two different ways of looking at the critical issues of inflation, employment and economic growth. Heller and the "fiscalists" insist on the importance of government fiscal actions (and inactions), although monetary policy has received more than lip service in their more recent pronouncements. Friedman and the monetarists emphasize the critical importance of the rate of growth of the money supply (variously defined). No matter which school, if any, you belong to, it is apparent after spending an evening with this little volume that the monetarists have seized the initiative. They have done far more theoretical and empirical homework than the opposition; it is Heller who concedes points, not Friedman; it is the monetarists who have made partial converts of important congressmen and business journals. But the almost ideological fervor of the monetarist school makes it doubtful their views will ever completely hold sway in Washington.

J. BERNARD BURNHAM

JAPAN SURGES AHEAD: *The Story of an Economic Miracle by P. B. Stone, (Praeger, $6.95).* Do not seek many lessons applicable elsewhere in this otherwise informative study. The author, a British magazine correspondent, isolates six major factors peculiar to Japan and their effects on eleven industries to explain that country's fantastic economic growth going back to 1868. Although Japan's proximity to and its non-involvement in the Korean War added to its post-World War II advance, the continuity of the boom since 1953 has proven its ability to have done it anyway. The softness and imprecision of the Japanese language is both a cause and effect of often letting decisions merely happen. The never-ending worries about social position and face-saving and the use of others' opinions rather than more objective decision-making tools virtually choke most Western industrialists. But the odd formula of active state intervention in an economy dominated by large, fiercely competitive groups of companies has worked for Japan. As Western nations, especially the United States, demand more concessions in return for patent licensing agreements, Stone doubts that the pace can be maintained without more domestic research and development.

D. B. DUVAL

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NIDDRIE

(cont. from p. 1065)

positors are now aware of the fruits of saving and investment, but examination of certain statistics shows that of the eighteen major markets, there are at least five where bank deposits are minimal. The explanation probably lies in the conservatism of the village elders who may feel that the bank is using this money to the disadvantage of the depositor.

But the next stage in socio-economic development, that of the emerging entrepreneur, is still ahead. Admittedly, the mason, the bricklayer and the carpenter play an important role in diversifying activities, as do the owners of trucks transporting building materials to the village. But it is still the enterprising townsman from Carmona who supplies consumer goods and foods, particularly on market days. Nobody has yet seen fit to set up a carpenter's shop in a village.

Not all the farmers participating in the boom are black. Near Quitexe and Negage, European families from Portugal have set up dairy and cattle farms, with coffee, pineapple and other side crops, and considerable capital has been invested in fencing, gates and cattle sheds. These people hope within three years to be producing some of the first beef from mixed Charolais-Bramah and other cross breeds.

For the moment then, nothing seems more peaceful than this part of Angola. Only the far-from-obvious presence of thousands of troops, an occasional army truck or Jeep on the road, and an olive-green helicopter tracing a route southwestward to Luanda, with wounded aboard, give any indication of the new kind of third world war being waged. The large fazendas, growing high-quality coffee and cutting timber from their forest shade cover, carry on much as they have always done, although barbed wire rings the main compound and residences, and rifles are always loaded and available. The fazendas, being so highly vulnerable to snipers because they spread along the broad fertile valleys between the folded mountain ranges, have been the principal objects of attack from time to time. The fatalistic view of the managers and workers under these conditions embodies a characteristic noted by the Duke of Wellington during the Peninsular campaign. As guerrilla fighters in the mountains of Iberia, they had, in his opinion, no rival. Around Carmona and in the forest-covered hills of Uige towards the Zaire (Congo to us non-Portuguese) the same spirit seems to predominate. For the Portuguese, historical time in terms of centuries is real. If anybody wishes to predict the future of Angola, let him first look at this vital factor in the national consciousness. □

WAUGH

(cont. from p. 1063)

delegates' awareness of foreign affairs than anything so recent as the invasion of Czechoslovakia; the Jarrow hunger marches of the 1930s evoke far louder cries of excitement than anything so recent in our domestic affairs as the motor industries dispute where as many as thirty thousand workers may be put out of work for a month as a result of interunion disagreement. The plain truth of Britain's political predicament is that the unions have far more power than they have intelligence. The Conservatives have shown that they lack the courage to tackle the problem; Labor that it lacks the will.

Probably the only sensible noises to emerge from the whole festival of nonsense were those of Mr. Denis Healey, who had been Secretary of Defense for five years, and has always been a stalwart and pragmatic right-winger. If Labor is to survive, he said, it must no longer crusade for further extension of welfare as representing a class interest. Postwar affluence (the result of technology, and nothing to do with politicians) makes it essential that Labor find a new appeal. Redistribution of wealth would make no significant difference to the living standards of the working class. The nation's future could only lie in Europe, which could be approached through closer defense cooperation, leading to foreign policy cooperation without waiting for commercial integration.

But his voice was lost in the raucous clamor of voices. For many delegates, Conference presents the only opportunity to announce all the wrong-headed or muddled ideas which have occurred to them in a year of political donkey-work. For others, it is merely an opportunity to register dissatisfaction with the government. "We not only need a shop steward on every factory floor," screamed Jack Jones of the TGWU, "we need one in every street."

Thank God, at least, that Mr. Wilson is slightly more clever than his supporters. □

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DELECTATIONS

(cont. from p. 1067)

served for him, or in his absence his overseer, a special pew. This overseer was an arrogant man, detested. He arrived late one Sunday to find Mass begun and his (the Duke's) pew preempted by a crone. Furious, he demanded her ejection. The priest remarked coldly that in God's house there is no rank. The overseer called forth his men-at-arms. Villagers prepared to fight. "Wait!" called out a member of the town council. "The Duke's servant is within his rights. Let him have the pew. But noble as is the Duke, no less noble are the *hidalgos* of Comillas." He thereupon led a walkout, the entire congregation following him to a thatched chapel one and a half kilometers inland. There the curate said his Mass, leaving the overseer to his solitary splendor.

This defiance shocked Madrid. The priest was reprimanded. The councilmen were fined. Comillas responded by building a new church on the site of the chapel. Fishermen donated the catches of the Sabbath. Children were let off from chores an hour early each day to help cart materials. A labor begun by grandfathers was finished by the sons of their sons: eighty years went by before the new temple was roofed; by which time a new town of Comillas had grown around it. Then, in 1836, fed up with the *hidalgos* of the North, Queen Regent María Cristina abolished the order. In a stroke, 500,000 Spaniards were stripped of their pride. Perhaps as much as the dynastic dispute, this helped motivate the bloody Carlist Wars of the nineteenth century. They impoverished Spain, new-fangled nobles and *hidalgos* alike. What remained was ruins, crypts overflowing with bones: a grave for the hubris of everyone. □

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

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QUOTING [JOHN] LINDSAY

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

A Memorial for Dr. King

On The Right

New York, Oct. 7—What to do posthumously about Martin Luther King is becoming a Cause. One encounters here and there petition forms to Congress, requesting that his birthday be made a national holiday, like Lincoln's, or that the day of his assassination be made a national day of mourning, like Memorial Day. And then Mrs. Martin Luther King, who clearly learned from her husband the uses of the press, is omnipresent: saying, sometimes, useful things. Saying, other times, most unfortunate things.

A WEEK AGO she revealed that she had been in communication with the Administration concerning a national memorial to her dead husband. So far, unexceptionable. But she has now said she has abandoned the negotiations, on the grounds that she has detected an "indifferent attitude" toward black and poor people. "We felt that to get federal support for a memorial would have been a beautiful thing. . . . But President Nixon's attitude, his lack of real concern, suggests that his Administration is motivated by racist attitudes."

Really, it is enough to drive a politician up a tree. I can imagine what Mr. Nixon and his lieutenants and the leaders of Congress are saying privately about Mrs. King's intemperance, and it isn't good. The notion that "racist attitudes" motivate Mr. Nixon is paradoxically correct. Because Mr. Nixon would never have paused to negotiate with Mrs. King concerning a national memorial to her husband except for the fact that Dr. King was a Negro, and some might call this racist, as the word is nowadays used. If he had been white, the suggestion of raising a monument to him would have been presumptively ridiculous, not because a white man carrying the message of Dr. King on into martyrdom would be less than an object of national honor, but because there is a long line of men who are deemed to have been national benefactors who have not yet been memorialized in concrete, and some of them have been dead (Andrew Jackson, say), for over a hundred years.

Mrs. King and the supporters of her plan put a curious emphasis on the desirability of using federal funds. The fact of it is that Dr. Martin Luther King was a hero and a martyr in one respect. In others—one thinks of his celebration of civil disobedience—he was the spokesman for a point of view on citizenship which in the opinion of some —e.g. me—is mortal to civil society.

Dr. King's discovery of the transcendent rights of the individual conscience is the kind of thing that killed Jim Crow all right. But it is also the kind of thing that killed Bobby Kennedy. And there are those who would be reluctant for that reason to be coopted, as implicitly as they would be, in any national monument constructed by federal funds, or any holiday which called for the shutting down of national institutions.

Surely what makes sense here, as so often is the case, is to encourage people to act in their own behalf, to express themselves freely. The statue to Franklin Delano Roosevelt in London was built by the contributions of the British people, collected on a voluntary basis. When Sen. Robert A. Taft died his friends, feeling deeply his loss, instituted a Robert Taft Institute one purpose of which was to collect money to construct a carillon on the park outside the Capitol.

True, the government deeded over a few square feet of sod for the use of friends of Robert Taft. And surely it would be a sensible compromise, in the present impasse, for the government to do as much for the friends of Martin Luther King. But let them then raise the money from private sources.

MEMORIALS so constructed may be less grand than the behemoths undertaken by Act of Congress. But they are in many ways more impressive. And surely it is fitting, under the circumstances, to follow the precedent; even as the friends of Robert Kennedy intend to do.

Above all, Mrs. King should be counseled to stop the racist-talk. Because more of that, and she will antagonize those whom there is no purpose in antagonizing. It is time to mute the memory of one Martin Luther King, the advocate of civil disobedience who once likened America's foreign policy to Nazi Germany's: and stress instead the qualities that made him admirable—his courage, his moral strength, his great eloquence. That is not accomplished by attributing racism to the Nixon Administration. □

ON NOT SMOKING *New York,* Oct. 3—The news is that cigarette smoking is on the increase, at the rate of 70 billion per year throughout the world. The statistic confounds one or two social postulates on which people have based their lives.

There is, to begin with, what one might call Galbraith's Law, after John Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard. Mr. Galbraith is, to be sure, a professional tease where capitalism and capitalist practices are concerned. But he has most seriously argued in his books that our affluent society spends much of its money at the direction of the large advertising agencies which stimulate desires for products which, but for said advertising, there would be little demand for. This is an important article in the anticapitalist faith, notwithstanding that as a percentage of the national product, the dollars we now spend on advertising have gone down rather than up in the last fifty years.

In any event, we have exactly the contrary phenomenon taking place in the cigarette industry. It has been many years since the industry undertook to eliminate its advertising in the college press. Cigarette advertising on television and radio is on its way out. A number of prominent magazines and newspapers have closed their doors to cigarette advertising. The statistics appear more and more confident: cigarettes are positively damaging to the health. . . . And still, they light up all over the world.

The question arises, where do we go from here? Nowhere is the easiest (and the best) answer; but it is not likely to satisfy the anti-cigarette lobby, which is beginning to sound a little bit like the ladies who used to smash up the saloons. After all, the FCC's anti-tobacco edicts are quasi-legislative, and Congress' apparent acquiescence in them suggests that the legislative mood is menacing.

We are not yet on the eve of a constitutional amendment banning the sale or the use of tobacco, but we are in the mood to discuss the illegalization of tobacco. That is due in part to the medical findings, in part to the increased debate

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over our national position on marijuana, whose defenders insist a) that the use of marijuana is not addictive, unlike tobacco; and b) that the moderate use of marijuana does not, unlike tobacco, endanger the health.

To the extent that we debate the legitimacy of the ban on marijuana, we inevitably bring in the analogy of tobacco. And indeed would do as much for alcohol, except that we are still deep in the national hangover that came from the attempt to prohibit it.

Here are a couple of observations that the anti-tobacco people pay insufficient attention to. If, as the economists would put it, the demand for tobacco is relatively inflexible; i.e., people are going to smoke irrespective of whether smoking is advertised, or what (within reason) is the price of a cigarette, then the competition will not be between smoking and non-smoking, but between smoking cigarette A or cigarette B. If we drive advertising out of television and radio and the newspapers, the producers of cigarette B are not going to have a forum in which to ventilate B's advantages.

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE is the filter-tip anti-nicotine and tar business. The UN Food and Agriculture Organization which released the most recent figures admits that a greatly increased number of people now use filter tips. How did they hear about the existence of the filter tip? That is not the kind of information one tends to get from mother. And a second point, what will stimulate company B to continue to spend millions of dollars in research designed to make cigarette smoking safer? One hopes of course that a general concern for the commonweal would figure in the research activities of any company. But as a practical matter, the competitive advantage has to be taken into account. The short of it is that the progressive ban on cigarette advertising a) is not having any discernible effect on reducing smoking; and b) may be having the effect of discouraging the search for a safer weed.

Better not to smoke at all is obvious. But there are the other considerations, and as the government interests itself more in our health, it is likely, as so often is the case when government gets into the act, to encourage exactly the opposite condition it has sought to effect. □

TEDDY'S RE-ENTRY

New York, Oct. 1—It takes a long time to clean up after one of Senator Kennedy's speeches, but somebody must do the janitorial chores, so here we go. It is my contention that shrewd observers of the American scene are aware that if you ever get into serious trouble, you should take a hard left tack. The reason is that it is thought to be dangerous (it isn't really) and you therefore receive the adulation of those who are always waiting for new heroes, or for fresh feats of leftism by the old heroes. Senator Kennedy is, how shall we put it, attempting a comeback; and this was his first extra-Chappaquiddick venture, and what did he do, why of course he denounced the Vietnam war, the Saigon government and Richard M. Nixon.

THE NEWSPAPERS for the most part stressed Mr. Kennedy's charges that we are dealing with a "corrupt" regime which if it doesn't come around, we should simply abandon. One thinks of a wonderful episode in Evelyn Waugh's *Black Mischief*. The young black prince, while attempting the instant Westernization of his little kingdom but somehow managing to get things a little wrong, is advised of the arrival of two ladies from England representing the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The prince welcomes them grandly and at a state banquet in their honor toasts the glory of England most sincerely and effusively, and promises that although his little kingdom is not yet mature, one day in the not too remote future he and his people will achieve as much cruelty to animals as the English. For an official from the state which after four hundred years of democratic politics has finally arrived at Massachusetts eudaemonia, to criticize the achievements of the Vietnamese who have been self-governing for just over a dozen years is what, in deference to the holy season, one must describe as high chutzpah.

And then Senator Kennedy, looking indignantly over in the direction of Richard Nixon, reminds us that no progress whatsoever has been made in sixteen months. That is correct. It is also correct that seventeen months ago he and others were telling us that we could make progress if only we moved to the negotiating tables, that we would make progress if we stopped the bombing. We did both these things and casualties rose. Does Senator Kennedy, the pragmatist, now recommend the resumption of the bombing? No, of course not, although he is as full of advice as he was a year ago—which advice, when we took it, availed us not at all.

The war in Vietnam, said the Senator to his audience, "has been rejected by a great majority of the American people."

When?

We had a great big national election less than one year ago today, and the people elected as President a man who pledged himself to continue to underwrite a commitment begun by Senator Kennedy's brother when he sent 15,000 American troops to Vietnam in 1963. At the Democratic Convention in August a full day was devoted to the question of whether we should stop the bombing unilaterally, and that debate was won by the hawks. Whose candidate, Humphrey, was beaten by a senior hawk.

So what is Senator Kennedy talking about? It is true that the United States is tired of the war, and even more true that the United States is tired of the false advice of those who have told us we must not fight to win, and that we can count on sweet reason asserting itself at the conference table and lobotomizing the Vietcong into sweetness and light.

AND YES, it is of course necessary to blame on the Vietnam war all the other evils that flesh is heir to. On account of the Vietnam war, says the Senator, "poverty at home will go on." Senator Kennedy belongs to the party whose economic doctrine is that there is nothing like a little war or pyramid building to keep the economy brisk. "Prices will rise and the economy will continue to weaken," the Senator moans. If anyone can find me one vote by Senator Kennedy in favor of one measure designed to reduce government spending, I will retire to the DMZ.

But such speeches are not for analyzing. They are to give out vibrations and Zing! go the strings of their hearts, you watch. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

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D. The palindrome of an implement is swag — 187 71 210 206

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J. An architectural term for the finishing touch — 95 45 6 148 31 212 88 118 76

K. A rod used by surveyors, usually ten links long — 103 24 175 199 208 119 230 19 58 191 / 105

L. Any of several small fishes, family Cichlidae, including *Haplochromis multicolor* — 68 21 55 98 134 142 158 169 180 188 / 190 193

M. Following *The*, a novel (1879) by George Meredith — 223 54 203 99 2 215

N. A diminutive, insignificant, or presumptuous person — 3 177 14 44 122 28 82 33 59 90 / 155 170 101 108

O. The arched middle portion of the human foot next in front of the ankle joint — 25 8 13 60 53 41

P. A tropical, xerophytic woodland of the savanna type — 86 168 183 138 151 214 23 219 62 140 / 159

Q. One who or that which brings or causes bad luck — 120 220 113 63 107 157

R. One of Homer's heroes — 126 83 116 32 46 104 186 153

S. An actor's substitute in an emergency — 154 65 196 79 172 179 197 211 15 50

T. To tack (*Nautical*) — 176 207 225 198 184 1 162 111 11 205

U. A city in China — 181 84 228 66 216 185 221

V. What many debts are — 192 163 125 143 173 224 97 152 39 114 / 9

W. A chiefly plumbeous European falcon (*Falco vesperitinus*) — 204 195 48 106 213 130 164 217 74

X. What you have to do to stay out of war — 78 5 30 156 167 182 47 201 61 37 / 35 69

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in below, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1077 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

1 T		2 M	3 N	4 C	5 X	6 J	7 E	8 O	9 V		10 H	11 T	12 C	13 O	14 N	15 S	16 E	17 G	18 B
19 K	20 F	21 L	22 I		23 P	24 K		25 O	26 I	27 C	28 N	29 E	30 X	31 J	32 R		33 N	34 I	35 X
36 A		37 X	38 E		39 V	40 E		41 O	42 I	43 H	44 N	45 J	46 R	47 X	48 W		49 A	50 S	
51 G	52 I	53 O		54 M	55 L	56 B	57 C	58 K	59 N	60 O	61 X	62 P	63 O		64 H	65 S	66 U	67 I	68 L
69 X		70 F	71 D	72 I	73 C	74 W		75 F	76 J	77 C	78 X	79 S	80 I		81 C	82 N		83 R	84 U
85 I	86 P	87 G	88 J	89 H		90 N	91 C	92 A		93 E	94 F	95 J	96 I	97 V	98 L	99 M	100B	101N	
102C	103K		104R	105K	106W	107O	108N	109F		110E	111T	112F		113O	114V	115B	116R		117H
118J		119K	120O	121F		122N	123G	124F	125V		126R	127E		128B	129E	130W	131C	132F	
133C	134L	135F		136C	137B	138P	139G		140P	141B	142 L	143V	144A	145E	146G	147C	148J	149F	
150C	151P	152V		153R	154S	155N	156X	157O	158L	159P	160E	161G		162T	163V	164W		165A	166B
	167X	168P	169L		170N	171C	172S	173V		174A	175K		176T	177N	178G	179S	180L		181U
182X	183P		184T	185U	186R	187D	188L		189A	190L		191K	192V	193L	194B	195W	196S		197S
198T		199K	200B	201X	202G	203M	204W	205T		206D	207T	208K	209H		210D	211S	212J		213W
214P		215M	216U	217W	218E	219P		220O	221U	222A		223M	224V	225T	226H	227C	228U	229A	230K

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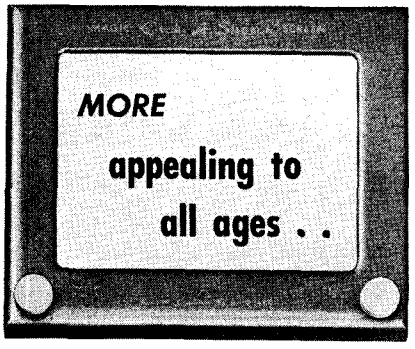

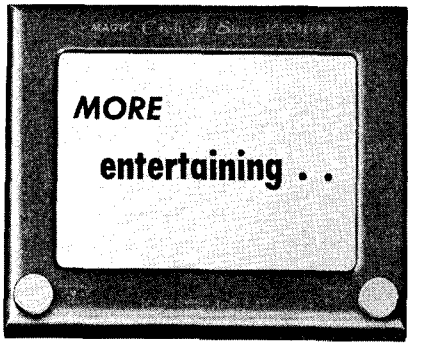

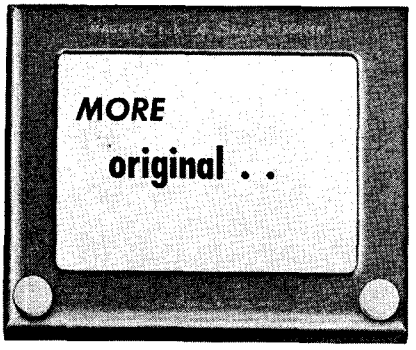

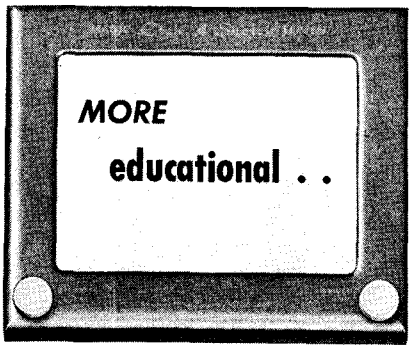

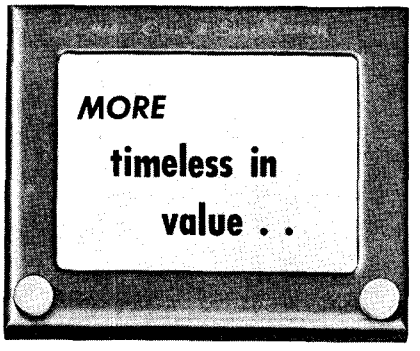

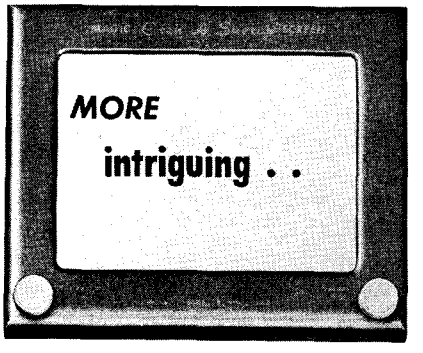

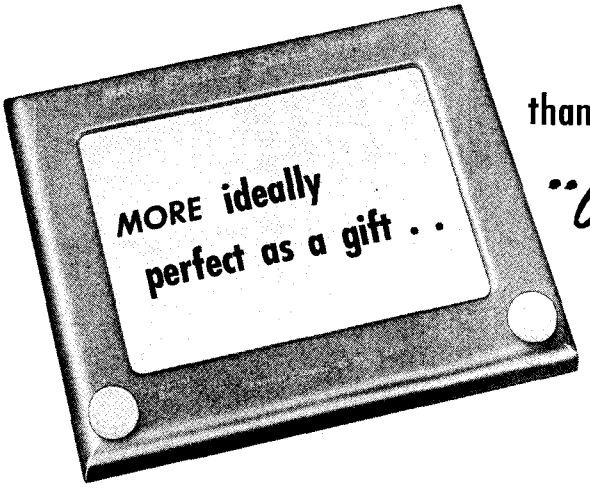

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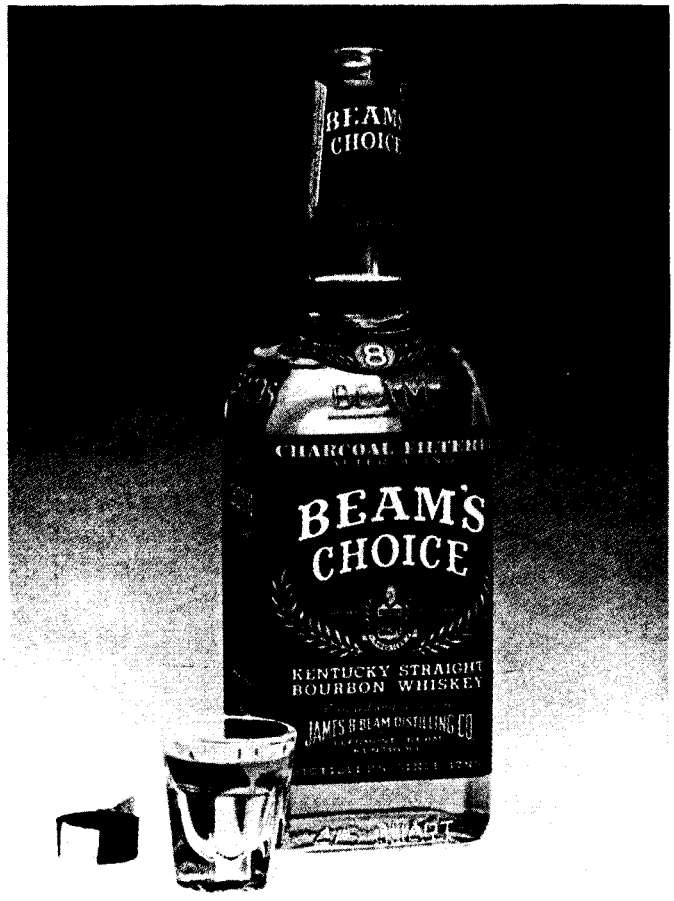

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